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The Nation.

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EDITORIAL

GOD AND MAN IN WASHINGTON

The National Review is celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary this year. Can it be twenty-five years since a brash young Bill Buckley came down from New Haven to forge a band of recanted Godless Communists, deposed aristocrats and Buckleys into an organ of McCarthyism? Despite the sin of deficit financing, the magazine is a doctrinal rock among the neo-con and new right *arrivistes.*

Now that the forces of liberalism have been routed, what of the future? Did not Adam Smith write somewhere that *The National Review* would automatically wither away? Will Bill Buckley be drafted into the Reagan Cabinet, perhaps to head the new Department of Hermeneutics? Or will he realize a long-standing ambition and become Director of the F.B.I.? [See Sigmund Diamond, "God and the F.B.I. at Yale," *The Nation*, April 12.] Will his fictional C.I.A.-man hero, Blackford Oakes, become the James Bond of the Reagan Administration?

In an interview with *The New York Times*, Buckley speculated on his magazine's future role. It would be "the paradigm, the tablet keeper," he said, and Reagan "the practitioner." Does this signal a retreat up the Mount, there to hurl anathemas at backsliding Reaganites? Up from conservatism? *Paradigm Lost* by Milton (Friedman)? Will Reagan sacrifice the lessons of the 1950s to the golden calf of moderation? We suspect not. The practitioner is, after all, a man who believes "There was no blacklist of [*sic*] Hollywood"; his comment on the Polish situation—"a very tense moment for the free world"—raised Dullesian echoes. Be of good cheer, Bill; it is 1955 again, and time's ravages have been erased by the magic of Ronald Reagan's makeup kit.

LESSONS OF ELECTION '80
Curtis B. Gans

EL SALVADOR'S CHRISTIAN DEMOCRATS
Penny Lernoux

SUNSET ON ARAMCO
Kai Bird

SOLAR VILLAGE
Fred J. Cook

FICTION SCOREBOARD
Jay Neugeboren

INDIRA GANDHI
Harris Wofford

THE HOSTAGE FAMILIES

SUFFERING IN SILENCE

CHARLOTTE R. DENNETT

Truth is the first casualty of war, and in the diplomatic war between the United States and Iran over the hostages the Carter Administration quickly put that adage into practice. An official curtain of silence was lowered around the hostages and their families, which had the effect—if not the intent—of muffling all criticism of Administration policy.

The official rationale was always that "irresponsible" remarks or actions might complicate the diplomatic moves being taken to free the hostages. More than a year later, however, we must ask if this policy has served the best interests of the hostages, their families and the United States—if, indeed, a fuller debate might not have opened up more political options to the Carter Administration. At the least, it would have had a therapeutic value for those family members in this country who have been inhibited from voicing their disagreements with the White House.

To be sure, the official curtain has at times been penetrated; interviews with hostages and hostage families have appeared in the press, but those that have questioned Administration policies have been quickly dampened by a flood of disapprobation from Washington. Moreover, the sometimes controversial communications from the hostages themselves —when permitted by their captors—have been impugned as the product of brainwashing. A majority of the hostages' families would undoubtedly prefer to adhere to a no-comment policy and avoid being hounded by the media. But there are dissenting voices among them. I have talked with some of these families, and listening to them, a different perspective on the

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LETTERS.

THIS LAND IS OUR LAND

Brooklyn, N.Y.

By setting forth "Arab hatred of Israel" as the cause of the Middle East conflict, the letter from Charles Ansell [*The Nation*, Nov. 15] does a disservice to further peace efforts between the Jews and their neighbors, since such an interpretation blurs the fact that the source of the continuing warfare on the East and North frontiers is the two sides' wanting the same tracts of land and not some mystical racial or ethnic animosity.

Egypt is probably as "Arab" as any country on the globe. Yet its leaders and people have proven they can set aside the alleged "genocidal campaign" conjured up by Dr. Ansell and embark on an era of attempted peace and cooperation.

It seems quite evident that hatred is a result of the conflict over the territories during the wars of the 1940s, 1950s, 1960s and 1970s and of the continuing acts of terrorism and reprisals. Once Israel found a territorial solution with Egypt, the intense animosity began to recede rather rapidly and terrorism no longer strikes Israelis from the West.

Maurice Forge

PERLO-BALDWIN PROTEST

Berkeley, Calif.

As a longtime reader and occasional contributor to *The Nation*, I am disappointed by what appears to be a shift in the tone of the magazine. Let me give two examples of recent lead articles that I found particularly disturbing. The September 13 issue contained an article by Victor Perlo on "the myth of Soviet superiority." Reasonable people may disagree on whether the Soviet Union represents a military threat to the United States and its allies—though I found Perlo's statement that "Soviet military doctrine and preparations are predicated on a defensive strategy" difficult to reconcile with the buildup of a Soviet navy or establishment of military support missions in Africa. But more important, why was Perlo's long-term association with the Communist Party not mentioned to your readers? That Perlo has consistently defended every position taken by the Soviet Union for more than a quarter of a century does not mean that his views do not deserve to be heard or that they are necessarily incorrect. But surely *The Nation* has a responsibility to its readers to inform them when one of its writers is an employee or active member of a particular interest group—whether it be the A.F.L.-C.I.O., the U.S. Labor Committee or the Communist Party—so that they may be able to decide for themselves the extent to which they wish to discount the views expressed. In addition, I question the judgment of *The Nation*'s editors in having a member of the U.S. Communist Party evaluate the level of Soviet military expenditures; surely there is no shortage of more objective analysts.

Second, while I admire and respect James Baldwin's passionate concern with the future of the American black community, I found his racial—if not racist—interpretation of politics both misinformed and offensive ["Notes on the House of Bondage," *The Nation*, Nov. 1]. Are white Westerners really among the most ruthless creatures in mankind's history? More ruthless than Pol Pot, Idi Amin or, for that matter, Genghis Khan? Did tribes in Africa and Asia behave toward each other with any less cruelty than the European colonizers behaved toward them? And how does Baldwin reconcile his argument that American military expenditures are dominated by our "fear of dark and menacing strangers" with the fact that the Communist nations of whom we appear most afraid are controlled by members of the same race as most Americans? If our opposition to the Palestinians is racially motivated, why do we arm the Saudis?

In short, both these articles fall well beneath the political and journalistic standards with which I have long associated *The Nation*. Since I intend to remain a subscriber and, I hope, a future contributor, I can only hope they represented momentary lapses of editorial judgment.

David Vogel

In our judgment both the Perlo and Baldwin articles were worth printing. When a writer is a member of an organization he is discussing we would want to inform our readers of that fact. But we would no more think of asking for or listing the party affiliation of the author of an article than we would of the writer of a letter-to-the-editor.

—The Editors

SELF-DESTRUCTION

Brooklyn, N.Y.

I have renewed my subscription to *The Nation*, but this time reluctantly.

For a year and longer, you regularly savaged Jimmy Carter—I hold no brief for his Presidency—as if Ronald Reagan did not exist. A week before Election Day, you discovered that Reagan is a "danger" [editorial, "The Reagan Danger," Nov. 1].

The danger—Reagan and a conservative Congress, which includes for the first time ignorant hoodlums of the far right in the Senate—has overtaken us. In effect, the "Nazis" have again replaced an inept "Weimar" regime.

I am at a loss to explain the self-destructive tendencies of the liberal left. Do you believe that, after four years of Reagan, America will be ripe to embrace rationalism, humanism and political decency? If so, you misread the temperament of the American electorate. Four years from now will be 1984.

William B. Saphire

NUCLEAR-WAR SYMPOSIUM

Boston

Your issue of Nov. 15 [see "Lest We Envy the Dead"] contains a speech given by Dr. John W. Gofman at the two-day symposium on "The Medical Consequences of Nuclear Weapons and Nuclear War" at Hunter College in New York City on September 27 and 28.

To correct your editors' note, this symposium was sponsored by Albert Einstein College of Medicine and Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons. It was organized by the Physicians for Social Responsibility and the Council for a Livable World Education Fund, the latter with headquarters in Boston. These symposiums are part of a series which began in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in February. Similar events have taken place in Washington, D.C., New Haven and San Francisco.

Jerome Grossman
President, Council for a Livable World Education Fund

FOUR MORE YEARS

Providence; R.I.

My reaction to the election is, *THE NATION . . . NOW MORE THAN EVER, WE NEED YOUR VOICE!*

Paul Hoffman

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EDITORIALS.

Thinking Zbig

The word that the next National Security Adviser will have no personal flack à la Zbigniew Brzezinski (or be allowed to promote himself, as Henry Kissinger did), is the brightest ray of hope in the formulations floating around Washington about the Reagan Administration and foreign affairs. Even that dim gleam could disappear from the horizon when we learn who Reagan's "strong" Secretary of State will be. Alexander Haig, the corporate general among the mentionees, for example, combines the worst features of the brothers Dulles along with those of the composite Kissinski, plus a dash of General MacArthur.

Before taking up the most recent absurdities from the National Security front, it is worth noting that the incoming Reaganites have sent out one good signal and then failed to face another really horrifying situation where a telegraphed tilt from them might save hundreds of lives.

They did let the new Korean strongman Chun Doo Hwan know that the execution of Kim Dae Jung—whose main fault was that he nearly beat the slain dictator Park Chung Hee in South Korea's last fairly open election—would be a terrible way to start off Reagan-Chun relations. What they seem to have kept mum about is the murderous terrorism of, mainly, the right in El Salvador; that bloodbath has cost some 8,000 lives in the last year, which would be more than 400,000 on a per capita basis if it were happening here. The militarists down there seem to want to clear the decks and swab the blood before Reagan takes office. A word to the brutes might be sufficient to at least slow the slaughter, but it has not been spoken. That is yet another ominous portent of Reaganite policies in Latin America.

Dr. Brzezinski is preparing to leave his excessively visible N.S.C. post in a bromidic cloud of personal publicity. He has mused to dozens of journalists who have hastened to share his thoughts with the public. *The Washington Post* (November 30) diberto stress his notion that while "tyran-

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ny is everywhere on the defensive," the "unanswered question of the age" is "whether the quest for freedom . . . will express itself in a positive manner" or generate "global chaos and fragmentation." Got it? *The New York Times* on the same day accentuated his ruminations on the Democratic Party, which, he opined, "damages itself when it moves excessively to the left" and gets too involved with "the do-gooders' agenda in international affairs."

Having said farewell to Carterian radicalism, let us pause an instant over the latest orotundities from Kissinger, the master of this double talk. He tells his press acolytes that the Russians look forward to dealing with Reagan because, lacking "self-restraint," they need a U.S. Government that "puts limits on them." Is that the sadomasochistic principle of foreign relations? Naturally, it works only if you have "superiority" in arms. Next case, please.

Reagan's top staff man, Edwin Meese, has said that the new National Security Adviser will have access to the President but no personal power through public exposure or contacts with Congress and that he will personally see to that as "the enforcer." He may have to use his considerable muscle quite often if the N.S.C. man is indeed to be that extremely dubious operator and influence salesman, Richard Allen.

Even if Allen doesn't get the job, we may expect to see more of this man who studied at Kissinger's knee in the early Nixon N.S.C. days until the knee pushed him out of there: he made a strong entry in the obscurantist formula derby the other day when he likened détente to "the Gulliverization of the Soviet Union." We would remind him that Lemuel Gulliver was a gentle and good fellow who was treated quite badly by the unpleasant Lilliputians most of the time. And does he want Americans to think they are one-twelfth the size of the Russians and thus forced to tie down with threads a giant while he's asleep?

But Allen suggested that the U.S.S.R. problem might well be handled by a "web of interstitial agreements" (accords between the cracks?) if "miscreant behavior occurs." The latter phrase suggests heresy and a return to the good old days of Cold War I, which should comfort those in Reagan's universe who used to enjoy fuming at "godless Communism." All this even before the honeymoon.

Open Campus

As readers of this journal may remember, the New Jersey Supreme Court was presented in February of this year with a case, *State* v. *Schmid*, involving the alleged right of Princeton University to bar from its campus uninvited strangers who wish to pass out political leaflets. [See Aryeh Neier, "Forbid Us Our Trespassers," *The Nation*, March 22.] Against the First Amendment and state constitutional claims of the defendant, a member of the U.S. Labor Party, the university raised private-property rights and academic freedom.

Somewhat more than nine months after the argument before it, the court delivered an opinion which promises a new birth of vigorous protection by state courts of civil liberties. The court, after an intensive though inconclusive analysis of the First Amendment, unanimously declared that the New Jersey Constitution itself provided the solution to the case.

Although the court recognized legitimate claims of self-government asserted by Princeton, it rejected the carte blanche exercise of power defended by Princeton through its lawyer, former Attorney General (and present I.B.M. general counsel) Nicholas de B. Katzenbach. Katzenbach in effect argued that the court should accept as determinative the university's own assessment of what constituted academic freedom. Instead, in a careful analysis, the court noted that the defendant's attempts to circulate political views in no way challenged the university's mission, in Princeton president William G. Bowen's words, of "creating a milieu in which every individual, whether the steadiest proponent of the majority viewpoint or the loneliest dissenter, is encouraged to think independently."

The court's analysis of Princeton's purposes was part of the three-step test announced in the case. Future decisions will "take into account (*1*) the nature, purposes, and primary use of . . . private property, generally, its 'normal' use, (*2*) the extent and nature of the public's invitation to use that property and (*3*) the purpose of the expressional activity undertaken upon such property in relation to both the private and public use of the property." Princeton, of course, is free to set reasonable time, place and manner requirements, but it cannot bar political leafleteers entirely.

There will almost certainly be future litigation in New Jersey testing the applicability of the doctrine to shopping centers, which the United States Supreme Court has ruled are not required by the First Amendment alone to open their facilities to political activists. A June decision did uphold, however, the right of the California Supreme Court to interpret the California Constitution to require such access. The emphasis by the New Jersey court on Princeton University's commitment to free expression of ideas offers a way, ironically, to allow shopping centers to remain restrictive since their owners do not typically commit themselves to such lofty aims as those revealed in president Bowen's speech.

Yet whatever the scope of *State* v. *Schmid*, it serves to remind us, as Ronald Reagan's minions prepare to take over the national Government, including the judiciary to the extent possible, that states' rights might turn out to have a more positive meaning than we ordinarily think. The California, New Jersey, Alaska and Arkansas Supreme Courts are only four of such courts which in recent years have been willing to find their state Constitutions more protective of civil liberties and civil rights than the Federal Constitution. Moreover, it may be that state judges who are sometimes reluctant to enforce Federal rights will be more vigorous in enforcing home-grown ones.

The dialectic works its wonders in strange and mysterious ways. It would be wondrous indeed if one effect of the Federal swing rightward were encouragement of state judiciaries to take more seriously their own responsibilities to safeguard civil liberties. *State* v. *Schmid* will, we hope, be a precedent-setter in more ways than one.

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Rent Windfall

Ronald Reagan promised to get the Federal Government off our backs, but tenants living in the scores of towns and cities all over the nation that have rent controls are fearful that the Governor wants to put landlords on theirs. One of Reagan's advisory groups recently proposed that Federal grants be withheld from cities with rent controls, the idea being that such controls have made it unprofitable to build much-needed urban housing. It would be a mistake to dismiss the proposal as a mere trial balloon. For one thing, the House of Representatives passed, last summer, a measure forbidding rent controls on new housing. The measure was a rider to another bill, which subsequently failed, but who can say, given the conservative mood of the new Congress, that it will not pass a similar measure?

The idea that rent-control laws cause urban decay is not borne out by the facts. A study by John Gilderbloom for the California Department of Housing and Community Development, for example, which compared twenty-six rent-controlled New Jersey cities with thirty-seven noncontrolled locales, found that "moderate" controls have "no net effect on new construction of apartment buildings." [See Barbara Koeppel, "A Tenant Revolt," *The Nation*, May 26, 1979.] Actually, landlords benefit from housing shortages, which preserve a seller's market; the biggest profits are made by buying and selling buildings (which gives speculators leverage money and, incidentally, forces up the rents for tenants as the cost of interest and other charges are passed along to them), and the only new housing landlords find profitable to build are upper-income units. With private houses at a premium in this country, the proportion of renters has increased, and in states like California they have begun to organize and demand tenant rights under rent control. The tenants' revolt is an authentic grass-roots movement, and it would be passing strange, as John Anderson used to say, if the man who calls for restoration of power to the states and municipalities would allow this clear—and destructive—Federal intervention in local affairs.

Temblors in Rome

The devastating earthquake that hit several Italian provinces from Naples to the Apennines was a human tragedy of vast proportions and it will take many, many months to restore the survivors to normal life.

It will take much longer for the Christian Democrats, the leaders of Italy's coalition Government, to recover from the quake's political aftershocks. Not only was the Government slow in responding to the emergency but the lack of preparation of preceding Governments, all of them controlled by the Christian Democrats, revealed an appalling ineptness and lack of concern for the nation's welfare. This severe judgment was made on television on November 26 by Italy's President Alessandro Pertini.

President Pertini, 80 years old, is a left Socialist of unimpeachable probity. He spoke for the conscience of the nation, and virtually the entire Italian press praised his speech. The most telling item in the President's indictment was the fact that nine years ago Parliament had passed a law to establish regional rescue centers to be fully equipped and in constant readiness. The regulations governing these centers are still in the process of being approved and have not been published. During a parliamentary hearing last March, the Communist deputy Francesco da Prato had asked the Minister of the Interior, Virginio Rognoni, when the regulations would be ready, and Rognoni replied that a draft had been completed. Later, he privately told the deputy that his ministry was still working on the draft.

President Pertini's speech was the result of a tour of the stricken areas where he listened to an angry populace complain of delays and inefficiency in the rescue work. Of 654 helicopters in the armed forces only twenty-seven were in action during the first forty-eight hours. A convoy of trucks with tents and rations left Rome eleven hours after the first shock, whereas to the north the municipalities of Bologna and Florence (both Communist) had sent out firetrucks and rescue teams within two hours of the first tremors. In contrast, the Minister of Public Works, Franco Nicolazzi, was in an elegant Rome restaurant on Monday evening, twenty-four hours after the quake.

The Government's initial defense was that the extent of the damage had been underestimated, but the Government was lying. In Avellino, a town heavily hit, Prefect Attilio Lo Befalo, who had saved himself from the collapse of his building by jumping out a window, had immediately telephoned his superiors in Rome an eyewitness account of the catastrophe. An army colonel revealed that he had toured the disaster area for several hours in a jeep. At midnight, he had reported to Rome the extent of the catastrophe.

The Government then blamed the criticism on an international conspiracy. Or, as the head of the Christian Democrats, Flaminio Piccoli, put it: "This is the will of international groups of freemasons who wish to chase the C.D. out of politics." While this accusation may sound ridiculous to American ears, in a deeply Catholic country such as Italy freemasons occupy the same role the Communists do in Ronald Reagan's cosmos. Nevertheless, this excuse was too transparent. Minister of the Interior Rognoni resigned, but the Socialists (who are part of the coalition Government) rallied to his support and he was persuaded to remain. For the short run, the governmental crisis had been surmounted.

But in the long run, the C.D. may have been badly wounded. The earthquake came on the heels of a major scandal involving the secret services, the head of the Finance Guards (a kind of Internal Revenue Service) and top C.D. politicians, particularly the present Minister of Industry, Antonio Bisaglia. It is highly likely that Bisaglia will have to resign. The Government is fragile: the Socialists, whose sup-

Carl Marzani is the author of The Promise of Eurocommunism, *just published by Lawrence Hill.*

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port is qualified, aligned themselves solidly behind Pertini.

The Communist Party has called for a government of the left, presumably dropping their demand of a "historic compromise," that is, a six-party coalition including both Communists and Christian Democrats. A left government would be possible only with the support of the Socialists, whose leadership is presented under Bettino Craxi, a resolute anti-Communist. Since the Communists are well aware of this, their call for a government of the left is at bottom another means of pressuring the Christian Democrats into forming a government of national unity in which the Communists would participate. The earthquake has exposed to many skeptics the fragility and inefficiency of the ruling C.D. coalition.

CARL MARZANI

ARTICLES.

LESSONS OF ELECTION '80

A Crosscurrent, Not a Watershed

CURTIS B. GANS

The problem with instant political analysis is that it is often politically self-serving, banal and wrong. On the other hand, it often produces lasting political myth which, in turn, tends to color the conduct of American politics. The analysis of the election of 1980 may be a case in point. For there are at least three conclusions that were widely drawn from the results of that election which deserve re-examination before they are engraved in stone and which, if left uncorrected, will affect American politics for the next decade—and not for the better. They include:

§ The idea, spawned in the media and spread by conservatives, that the election of 1980 was a pro-Reagan landslide and a conservative mandate. (False.)

§ The belief, cherished by liberals and traditional Democratic groups, that all that happened in the 1980 election is that the public massively rejected the Presidency of Jimmy Carter and carried other Democrats to sea in an anti-Carter tide. (Inadequate.)

§ The interpretation, put forward by those making early runs at the mantle of American sage, that the election of 1980 was a watershed, a historic turning point which might usher in a generation of conservative rule and a realignment of American politics to the right. (Unlikely.)

A word about each.

Before America rushes to don three-piece suits, Bonwit Teller dresses and, for those older and female among us, tennis shoes in keeping with the new conservative wave, there are a few figures emerging out of the election that tend to demonstrate that wave to be something less than a ripple:

§ More than half the eligible electorate—those who voted for other candidates and those who stayed at home—did not vote for either major party candidate for President.

§ Ronald Reagan received less than 27 percent of the eligible electorate's vote, a smaller percentage than Carter received (27.2) in 1976. Only in the South did Reagan's vote exceed that of President Gerald Ford in 1976.

§ The Democratic vote declined from 27.2 percent in 1976 to less than 22 percent in 1980.

These figures alone belie the interpretation of this election as a Reagan landslide or a conservative tide. The Republican and conservative share of the vote in the nation did not noticeably increase. The Democratic vote was sharply lower. And more people voted for "none of the above" than cast their ballots for both major party candidates.

What happened, quite simply, is that Democrats deserted President Carter in droves and by their desertion caused the defeat of many other Democrats on other electoral levels. Many working-class and minority Democrats sat out this election and many middle-class voters who had been voting Democratic in recent elections switched to Reagan or John Anderson, or stayed home.

There seemed no clear ideological pattern to the vote. Democratic liberals were defeated (Culver, McGovern, Nelson, Bayh, Holtzman and Durkin), but Democratic conservatives and moderates also lost (Talmadge, Folsom, Magnuson, Gunter and Morgan). Some Democratic liberals survived despite Reagan's victory in their states (Glenn, Eagleton, Leahy, Hart and Dixon), and almost all liberal Democrats on every political level ran substantially ahead of Carter in their respective states.

There was other evidence that seemed to indicate that the electorate—at least that portion outside the South—was, if anything, more liberal in 1980 than it had been in 1978 or 1976. A majority of the Proposition 13-type tax-cutting initiatives were defeated nationwide. Bond issues, which were going down to defeat almost everywhere in 1976 and 1978 in an unprecedented display of public penury, passed this year.

Public opinion polls, most notably the post-election Gallup and CBS-*New York Times* survey, tended to corroborate the nonideological nature of this election. While there was widespread public concern about the state of the economy, both national and personal, and some desire to reduce government scope and spending, there was no demand for diminution of public services, and on most social issues—abortion, welfare, gun control—and on détente and defense, the public was at least as liberal as it was four years ago and substantially more liberal than a decade ago. The public, it seemed, was tired of paying more for less and wanted, for a change and if possible, to pay less for more.

Curtis B. Gans is director of the Committee for the Study of the American Electorate and writes a weekly newspaper column.

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What the public seemed to be seeking was change at the top; they did not specify a clear direction for that change to take.

It is not likely, however, that liberals and Democrats will take too much comfort from such an analysis. Nor should they. For it is not simply that many of the staunchest and most effective liberal leaders lost or that important committees in Congress will be chaired by the likes of J. Strom Thurmond rather than Edward M. Kennedy, but more important, at least for the long run, the election of 1980 bore a striking and significant dissimilarity to the election of 1972.

In the election of 1972, George McGovern, the Democratic nominee, was buried under an electoral avalanche, but almost all of the liberal Democratic House and Senate incumbents who ran with him survived. This year, the electorate not only withdrew its mandate from Jimmy Carter but also from thirteen Democratic Senators, five Democratic governors and a net of thirty-three Democratic House members. In 1972, the voters rejected the man, but respected the party. This year, they ejected both man and party.

Since the primary reason for the Democratic debacle is that normally Democratic voters did not turn out to vote, the Democrats must face the hard fact that the ideas which sufficed to sustain faith in Democratic leadership in 1972 and before no longer do. As more than one person has observed, the Democrats richly deserved their comeuppance for the sin of complacency. They have become, in effect, the conservative party—the party opposed to change and the party of essentially selfish special interest. They have placed themselves in the untenable position of uncritically defending, on the one hand, the political and economic perspective and programmatic progeny of the New Deal in the face of mounting evidence that such approaches no longer suffice and of proposing, on the other hand, every pet project—from the Department of Education to gay rights—of Democratic constituent groups.

The election of 1980 dramatically showed why this approach no longer works. The Democratic center did not hold. The coalition, which for three generations sustained New Deal and post-New Deal programs, split asunder. The once Solid Democratic South voted almost solidly Republican. Union labor voted Democratic but not in sufficient numbers to overcome the votes of nonunion labor that voted Republican. Big-city organizations were no longer sufficiently powerful to deliver a large enough vote to make a difference anywhere. Liberals, divided as usual, cast a tepid vote for Carter but not without substantial dilution of their numbers through defection to Anderson. Blacks alone, of the traditional Democratic constituent groups, remained steadfastly loyal, but their numbers were not enough to produce Democratic victory anyplace other than the District of Columbia.

Nor did special appeals to special interests work. The National Education Association gave its support and money only to those candidates, President Carter included, who helped create the Department of Education. Yet the majority of teachers voted Republican. The Democrats were the party of the Equal Rights Amendment and a "pro-choice" approach to abortion. But a majority of women casting their ballots chose Reagan. Last-minute farm price increases granted by the Government failed to deliver the farm vote for Carter. The working man, whose average standard of living fell 7 percent in the last four years, was not made secure enough to vote Democratic by promises of labor-law reform and repeal of section 14B of the Taft-Hartley Act.

It seems clear from this election that if the Democrats are ever going to reassert themselves on any firm and lasting basis, they will have to reassess their agenda. For they cannot expect public support for their old ideas nor party cohesion from political pandering to internal interest groups. They need to find a new thrust and a new center.

There are a number of factors that suggest that a Democratic redefinition internally and a lasting resurrection nationally will not be easy to accomplish.

On one level, Republican gains this election were not insignificant:

§ It is virtually certain that the Republican Party will continue to control the U.S. Senate for at least four years. There are only three seats currently held by Republicans and up for re-election in 1982 that are even remotely vulnerable—Weicker (Connecticut), Hayakawa (California) and Schmitt (New Mexico).

§ Republicans achieved substantial leverage over the conduct of legislative reapportionment which will be carried out before the 1982 election. The party now has veto power—by virtue of controlling at least the governorship or one house of the state legislature—over the reapportionment decisions of at least thirty-five states.

§ Reagan's electoral success in every Southern state save Georgia, increases in voter registration throughout the South generated by the Moral Majority and other like-minded groups, and the fact that turnout in the region bucked national trends and rose—all point to a conservative revival in Dixie. This, in turn, makes it highly unlikely that the nationally more liberal Democrats can count on any substantial portion of the South in future Presidential elections.

But perhaps an even greater obstacle to lasting Democratic revival is the division within the party which first surfaced around the issue of the war in Vietnam in the mid-1960s but which persists today as a matter of both demography and outlook.

For there are, in effect if not in name, two Democratic Parties with two very different agendas—the traditional party of blue-collar workers, minorities, the urban and rural underclass and welfare-state liberals, and the newer party of middle-class, educated, urban and suburban white-collar and professional families. The traditional party seeks completion of the New Deal agenda—income redistribution, economic and social opportunity and equality. The newer party, having been elevated to middle-class status by New Deal programs but now finding New Deal materialism inadequate as a governing principle or a galvanizing political motive force, seeks to better the quality of lives rather than increase the quantity of goods. The party of the first part

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seeks growth, jobs and a continuation of the welfare state. The party of the second part wonders whether small is not indeed more beautiful.

Reconciling the conflicts between these outlooks will not be an easy task—especially in an ethos in which all things no longer seem possible and a reality in which both physical and economic resources and governmental power are limited. In a public arena so delimited, every choice between competing concepts of the public good is also a battle for a share of political turf.

Labor leaders and liberals from Tom Hayden to Paul Tsongas have given no end of public advice about what the Democrats ought to do. But forging consensus and cohesion from the welter of ideas now being proffered will take more than the papering over of differences that occurred the last time the Democratic Party was out of power and Robert Strauss was chairman, or the avoidance of perspective that characterized the Carter years.

Finding the thread of believable public advocacy and effective government programs—of translating traditional and liberal Democratic values into a program that recognizes the physical and political limitations of the present, of making the creation of the good life within our means an attractive political proposition—is a political, programmatic and rhetorical engineering task of the first magnitude. And it may not happen readily.

Does this mean this election was, in fact, a watershed? Are we ushering in, as Kevin Phillips predicted a decade ago, a Republican majority? Not, as the British might say, bloody likely. The Republicans are likely to have a longer honeymoon than the Democrats had. Competent management after four years of chaos will seem, at least for a time, the answer to some public prayers.

The Republicans will also likely do some political good:

§ Only a Republican Administration is likely to be able to reduce or eliminate unnecessary government programs or administration. The Democrats, with their cacaphony of competing interests, can never accomplish that task.

§ A Republican Administration, should it so desire, is better situated to complete a Strategic Arms Limitation Agreement with the Russians and continue the process of arms control. The Democrats are always having to prove they are tough enough, or to overcome the bungling of the likes of a Zbigniew Brzezinski.

§ The Republicans are the only effective antidote to the danger of the so-called radical right. For either the Republicans will move to the right to placate the wing's fervor and thus be rendered incapable of governing and lose public support quite rapidly, or they will force the right to become critics with the result that the right will be perceived as the extremists they are.

§ The Republicans, in direct ratio to their degree of success, may force the Democrats to re-evaluate, redefine and realign, making possible a more sensible public dialogue than the nation heard in 1980.

But there is nothing in the Republican outlook on either the American economy or foreign affairs that suggests the party can successfully govern for any long period of time.

A result of the 1980 election much more likely than a lasting Republican revival is the continuation of the electoral pattern of the last two decades. In 1964, Lyndon Johnson smashed Barry Goldwater, prompting eulogies over the coffin of the Republican Party. By 1969, the Republicans had recaptured the Presidency. In 1972, George McGovern was buried under an avalanche of votes, prompting mourners at the Democratic bier. By 1974, they had won a Congressional landslide victory and by 1976 they had recaptured the White House. By 1980, the Republicans were again in power.

The sad pattern of American politics is that an ever-diminishing percentage of Americans are quadrennially throwing an ever-increasing number of bastards out of office without noticeably bettering the performance of government.

Unless there is a miraculous coming to terms with the present within the Republican Party, or the Democratic Party redefines and realigns itself in the ensuing four years, or a new party of the center emerges to force a political realignment in America, we are likely to have more of the same. "None of the above" will continue to win American elections by an ever-increasing majority and the real losers will be the conduct of American government and the welfare of the American people. □

REPRESSION WITH A HUMAN FACE

El Salvador's Christian Democrat Junta

PENNY LERNOUX

Ever since the time of the Kennedy Administration, Democratic Party leaders have viewed Latin America's various Christian Democratic (C.D.) parties as the fair-haired boys of Latin America. The supposed aim of the American-supported fraternity is to find a "third way" between radical and reactionary forces in the region, although the best-known example, President Eduardo Frei's Government in Chile, proved so timid in reforms that it led to the election of a Socialist. Three years after Salvador Allende's victory, C.D. leaders supported a right-wing military coup by Gen. Augusto Pinochet, who spurned their offer to share power in the Government.

Latin America's C.D. movement reflects a basically conservative position differing little—and in some countries not

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at all—from the traditional right-wing status quo. A case in point is El Salvador, where the Christian Democratic Party serves as a front for a ruthless right-wing military junta. The abduction-murders of seven leaders of the leftist Democratic Revolutionary Front in late November were widely believed to have been carried out by rightist paramilitary groups with the junta's complicity. C.D. participation in the Government is cited by the Carter Administration as proof of the regime's good intentions to steer a course between extreme right and left. If one believes the propaganda, the Government is bravely trying to carry out agrarian and other reforms. In fact, the supposed reforms have been used as a license to massacre peasants and other suspected dissidents. Statistics from the legal aid office of the archdiocese of San Salvador show a direct correlation between the start of the "agrarian reform" in March and a dramatic increase in counterinsurgency assassinations in rural areas, recalling the United States' Phoenix operation in Vietnam, which assumed that all those living in "war zones" were supporters, or potential supporters, of the enemy. Nine out of every ten of the 6,000 killed in the first eight months of this year were victims of members of the army and security forces and right-wing death squads led by active or retired military officers.

Among the latter is Maj. Roberto D'Aubuisson, who was charged by a penal judge with planning the murder of San Salvador's Archbishop Oscar Romero last March. Also accused is Gen. Alberto Medrano, founder of the Government's paramilitary arm. (The judge fled to Costa Rica when his findings became known.) "Christian Democracy," said Archbishop Romero shortly before his murder, "claims to offer an alternative to government by an oligarchy when in reality it is opposed to the people's interests. Its participation in the junta is a facade for international opinion. Real power is in the hands of unscrupulous military men who only know how to repress the people."

In addition to diplomatic support, the Carter Administration has given the Salvadoran regime $5.7 million in military aid this year. Thirty-two U.S. military advisers are stationed in the country, and recently Carter authorized the training of 250 Salvadoran military personnel at a U.S. military base in Panama. But it can be argued—and has been by the Pentagon and the Central Intelligence Agency—that the arms and training are of no great significance in view of the scope of the struggle, which is approaching the political cohesion and guerrilla coordination that marked the successful Sandinist revolution in Nicaragua. In order to bankroll the Salvadoran military without provoking still more criticism on human-rights grounds, Washington is using the C.D. Government in Venezuela as a screen. Former Venezuelan President Carlos Andrés Pérez charges that the Venezuelan Government is funneling arms and money to the Salvadoran military through Costa Rica, which has emerged as a black market arsenal for the region. (Costa Rica's President Rodrigo Carazo also backs the Salvadoran regime, not least because his own Government includes important Christian Democrats.)

Using its oil muscle in the region, to which it sells petroleum at reduced rates in partnership with Mexico, Venezuela's center-right Social Christian Government first attempted to persuade the Sandinists to include a Christian Democrat in the post-Somoza junta. Failing that, it is vigorously pursuing C.D. ambitions in El Salvador. Since consultations with U.S. Assistant Secretary of State William Bowdler last August, Venezuelan President Luis Merrera Campins has been lobbying among the Andean Pact nations to increase support for the Salvadoran regime, in a reversal of Venezuelan policy under President Pérez, who helped persuade the Andean Pact countries to recognize the legitimacy of the Sandinist insurrectionists. To date, the campaign has failed, principally because of opposition from the reformist civilian Government of Ecuador (other members of the Pact are Colombia, Peru and Bolivia).

Undeterred by the bloodletting around them, El Salvador's Christian Democrats believe they offer a model for future military-civilian alliances in Latin America. At a

DRAWINGS BY SEYMOUR CHWAST

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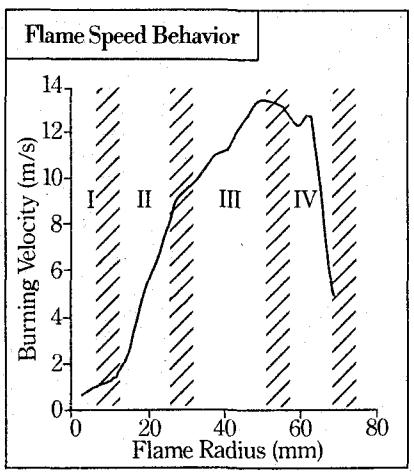
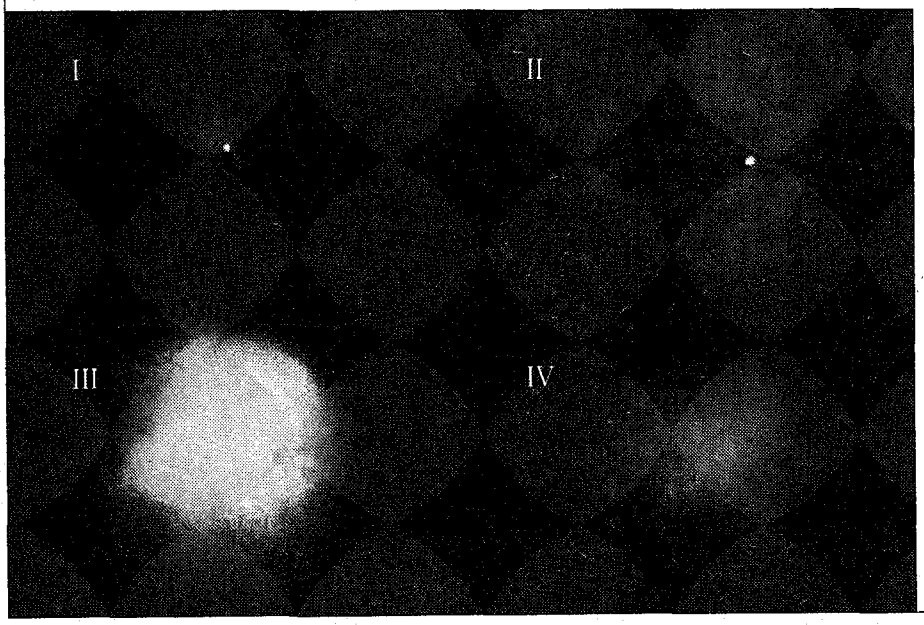
The Turbulence Parameter

Energy-efficient operation of the internal combustion engine requires the highly turbulent movement of fuel and air in the chamber. Recent advances at the General Motors Research Laboratories provide a new basis for determining what degree of turbulence will get the most work from each drop of fuel.



Burning velocity plotted as a function of flame radius. Combustion stages are indicated by roman numerals.



High-speed photographs showing flame evolution (lasting six milliseconds) through four stages: initiation (I); flame growth (II); full development (III); termination (IV).

WITHOUT TURBULENCE, the highly agitated motion of cylinder gases, combustion would take place too slowly for the gasoline engine to function. Predicting combustion behavior in order to design engines with greater fuel efficiency depends upon understanding the relationship between vital, turbulent gas motions and burning rate. The challenge is to quantify this relationship—a complex task made more difficult by the requirements of measuring a transient event occurring in a few milliseconds within a small, confined space.

New knowledge of how turbulence affects flame speed has been revealed in fundamental studies conducted at the General Motors Research Laboratories by Drs. Frederic Matekunas and Edward Groff. Their investigative results have been incorporated into a model that successfully predicts the effect of engine design and operating conditions on power and fuel economy.

The researchers separated their experiments into two phases. In the first phase, they measured turbulence in the engine cylinder; in the second phase, they determined flame speeds over a broad range of operating conditions. Testing took place in a specially designed, single-cylinder engine equipped with a transparent piston to permit high-speed filming of the combustion event.

Hot-wire anemometry was applied to measure the turbulent flows while the engine was operated without combustion. Instantaneous velocities were calculated from the anemometer signals and simultaneous measurements of gas temperature and pressure. More than 400,000 pieces of data were processed for each ten-second measurement period.

The significant measure of turbulence is its "intensity," defined as the fluctuating component of velocity. Because conditions in the cylinder are both transient within cycles and variant between cycles, separating the fluctuating and mean components of velocity is inherently difficult. The researchers overcame this problem by using a probe with two orthogonal wires properly aligned with the direction of the mean flow.

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In the combustion phase, tests were performed at over one hundred operating conditions of varied spark timing, spark plug location, engine speed and intake valve geometry. Detailed thermodynamic analyses were applied to the recorded cylinder pressures to calculate flame speeds throughout combustion. High-speed films were analyzed frame by frame to validate flame speeds and to characterize how gas motions influence the initial flame.

The researchers used these measured flame speeds, turbulence intensities, and the conditions under which they occurred to formulate a burning law for engine flames. They divided the combustion event into four stages. The initiation stage begins with ignition and ends as the flame grows to consume one percent of the fuel mass. In the second stage, the flame accelerates and thickens in response to the turbulent field. The third stage exhibits peak flame speed. In the final stage, the thick flame interacts increasingly with the chamber walls and decelerates.

OVER THE RANGE of turbulent intensities encountered in engines, the researchers were able to describe the turbulent burning velocity, S_T, during the critical third stage of combustion with the expression:

$$S_T = 2.0\, S_L + 1.2\, u'\, P_R^{0.82}\, \beta$$

S_L, the laminar flame speed—a known function of pressure, temperature and mixture composition—is the flame speed that would exist without turbulence. The variable u′ is the turbulence intensity. P_R represents a pressure ratio accounting for combustion-induced compression of the unburned mixture. The dimensionless factor β accounts for the effect of spark timing on geometric distortion of the flame which occurs during the first combustion stage and persists into the later stages.

The researchers also observed that the burning velocity in the second stage increases in proportion to flame radius, and that in predicting the energy release rate from the burning velocity equation, it is necessary to account for the finite flame-front thickness.

"The form of our burning equation," says Dr. Matekunas, "shows a satisfying resemblance to expressions for non-engine flames. This helps link complex engine combustion phenomena to the existing body of knowledge on turbulent flames."

"We see this extension," adds Dr. Groff, "as a significant step toward optimizing fuel economy in automotive engines."

THE MEN BEHIND THE WORK

Drs. Matekunas and Groff are senior engineers in the Engine Research Department at the General Motors Research Laboratories.

Both researchers hold undergraduate and graduate degrees in the field of mechanical engineering.

Dr. Matekunas (right) received his M.S. and Ph. D. from Purdue University, where he completed graduate work in advanced optics applications.

Dr. Groff (left) received an M.S. from California Institute of Technology and a Ph. D. from The Pennsylvania State University. His doctoral thesis explored the combustion of liquid metals.

General Motors welcomed Dr. Matekunas to its staff in 1973, and Dr. Groff in 1977.

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gathering of the clan in Washington, D.C., in May, junta apologist Antonio Morales Erlich and San Salvador's Mayor, Julio Adolfo Rey Prendes, also a Christian Democrat, boasted that, if adapted to local circumstances, El Salvador's experience could be repeated in the military regimes of the Southern cone of South America. How local dictators are to be persuaded to accept the C.D.'s olive branch, they didn't say.

The Washington conference, jointly sponsored by West Germany's Konrad Adenauer Foundation and the pro-business American Enterprise Institute, was an effort by a variety of conservative interests to launch a C.D. International to challenge the more radical Social Democrats' international organization. Among those present were Arístides Calvani, foreign minister in a previous C.D. Venezuelan Government and chief spokesman for the Latin American Christian Democrats; his German alter ego, Klaus Weigelt, better known as the "black pope" of the C.D. movement, and ex-Venezuelan President Rafael Caldera, also an important C.D. figure. (Chile's Frei was attending another C.D. conference in Europe.) U.S. delegates included Richard Allen, a National Security Council staffer in the Nixon Administration and Ronald Reagan's senior foreign policy adviser; Constantine Menges, a former member of the RAND Corporation think tank and a Reagan adviser; and Pedro Sanjuan, of the American Enterprise Institute, a Reagan policy maker on Latin America. Also present was Otto Reich, a Cuban exile representing both the Council of the Americas, which is a lobby for corporate interests, and a Cuban C.D. party that no one had ever heard of. Allen summed up the group's position on armed intervention: "To reject the use of military force in the hemisphere is to go beyond the limits of reasonable action. U.S. military power has always been the basis for the development of a just and humane [*sic*] foreign policy, and it's something we should be proud of." Reagan's Latin American advisers have since promised stepped-up military assistance to the junta when the new Administration is installed.

But it was the ten-man West German team, led by the president of the German C.D., that went to the heart of the matter. "For Europe and the United States, " said German delegate Siegberg Alber, "Christian Democratic governments are much cheaper to support than dictatorships that are unable to prevent the explosion of the leftist revolutions." C.D. parties, Weigelt explained, can give a government a civilian face without going to the socialist extremes of nationalizing foreign companies or other threats to private property. The undesirability of such governments was emphasized by the presence of Edward Seaga, right-wing leader of Jamaica's Labor Party and now Prime Minister, who was the Carter Administration's best hope to roll back reforms undertaken by Jamaica's Social Democratic Prime Minister, Michael Manley. Like the Salvadoran delegates, Seaga was equally at home with Carter's State Department and Reagan's foreign advisers, suggesting that the differences between Democrats and Republicans, at least as regards Latin America, are more perceived than real.

On another level, the interests of multinational corporations represented by the Council of the Americas coincide with those of the Christian Democrats in putting a "civilian face" on the military regimes internationally notorious for corruption and repression. U.S. bankers and corporate heads would get a lot less heat if they did business with a Frei instead of a Pinochet, and, in the long run, profits are the same. The only problem with the C.D. strategy is that, when put to the test in Latin America, it has repeatedly failed. In Chile and El Salvador, for example, reforms turned out to be political tools to advance the anti-Communist crusade instead of vehicles for genuine change. The result has been to polarize the people between right and left in yet another spiral of violence. □

SUNSET ON ARAMCO'S EMPIRE

Tomorrow Belongs to OPEC

KAI BIRD

In early September the Arabian princes nationalized Aramco (the Arabian American Oil Company) and paid Exxon Corporation, Mobil Oil Corporation, Texaco Inc. and Standard Oil Company of California some $2 billion for their remaining shares in the oil conglomerate. Thus ended, or so it would seem, a peculiarly American colonial relationship. For nearly half a century, the consortium of four American oil companies had functioned as a state within a state, chaperoning the Saudi kingdom into the twentieth century while exploiting the world's largest oil reserve.

The American colonial experience in Arabia was thus a private affair between our corporate oil interests and the profligate princes of the House of Saud. Nonetheless, at the very beginning, the companies implicated Washington by encouraging Congress to use public tax money in the form of lend-lease subsidies to the Saudi monarchy.

Writing in this magazine some thirty-six years ago, shortly before the lend-lease deal was approved, I. F. Stone warned:

> The proposed Arabian oil deal brings us to the first great crossroads of postwar international policy. In one direction lies a new world order; in the other, a return to imperialism, with all it entails. To go into a colonial country and buy oil concessions for the exploitation of natural resources which belong to another people is imperialism, however we choose to disguise it.

Stone's warnings went unheeded. But it is important to our understanding of the new collaboration between U.S. oil companies and the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries cartel to be reminded that there were those in the Roosevelt Administration who perceived an

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alternative to Big Oil's imperial adventure in Arabia.

Franklin Roosevelt's Interior Secretary, Harold Ickes, was entirely persuaded in 1943 by the oil companies' arguments that the Arabian oil reserves were essential to United States security. But he concluded that the Federal Government, rather than private industry, should have control over those foreign oil reserves. Ickes proposed the creation of a national Petroleum Reserves Corporation, which would buy from the oil companies their Arabian concessions and control the importation of all foreign oil.

The companies, of course, were shocked by Ickes's views and the proposal was soundly thrashed in Congress by the oil lobby. Instead, the companies were allowed to build their private oil empire with public funds in the form of lend-lease aid to Saudi Arabia and later in tax exemptions to American oil companies on royalties paid to the Saudi royal family.

By the time they were finally nationalized this September, the oil companies had entangled the United States in a "special relationship" with the Saudi princes that entailed, among other things, military training missions, privileged tax arrangements that have cost the U.S. Treasury Department billions of dollars and such dubious services as the Central Intelligence Agency's screening of "Communists" from the Saudi oil workforce. Once the oil conglomerate made the investment and we came to rely on Arabian oil, the imperatives of national security led quite inexorably to the Carter Doctrine of 1980, which tells us that we must be prepared to use tactical nuclear weapons and risk a holocaust in defense of the House of Saud (and Aramco). Such is the logic of empire.

Today, the private government of oil has led us to another crossroads. The companies are currently negotiating a set of far-reaching deals in Arabia that will once again require political and military protection by the United States. The billions of dollars invested in these Arabian projects will not only drain capital away from renewable energy projects at home; they will also commit our major energy corporations to a highly capital-intensive, centralized energy base. In order to protect their future profits on these new Arabian investments, the oil companies will actually have to work to insure that the price of energy continues to soar in the coming decades. If energy prices were to decline in real dollars due to conservation and greater reliance on renewable energy sources, the oil companies would stand to lose their Arabian investment. [See Robert Engler, "Letting Big Oil Do It," *The Nation*, October 25.]

There is an alternative policy agenda, but ironically it would call for the kind of public intervention in the marketplace envisioned in 1943 by Ickes—a National Petroleum Authority with the sole power to import all foreign oil on a direct government-to-government contract basis. Until Congress establishes such an agency, the oil companies will continue to barter away America's energy future.

The oil companies should be eliminated as "middlemen" in the global trading of oil because they no longer (if they ever did) owe any allegiance to the national interest of the United States. Gradually over the last decade the major American oil companies have reaped enormous profits by "accommodating" themselves to the inevitable tide of nationalism in the producing countries.

Initially adversaries of OPEC, in the twenty years since the founding of the cartel the oil companies have struck a multinational bargain with the producing countries. [See Joe Stork, "Will Success Spoil OPEC?" *The Nation*, October 4.] In a sense the cartel has formalized and made explicit a relationship that had heretofore been an open secret: the mutually beneficial collusion between the producers and the big oil companies. Collusion on such matters as price floors and a division of the market is, of course, a violation of American antitrust laws. But if the foreign cartel imposes these conditions of doing business, then the American oil majors possess an alibi—they can claim that they are unwilling servants of the cartel. (The Carter Administration's Justice Department is not entirely convinced of their innocence; the department's antitrust division has been investigating collusion on the pricing and marketing of Persian Gulf oil since 1977. The investigation has been stymied

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in part by the refusal of Saudi Arabia to allow Justice Department officials access to Aramco records.)

The recent nationalization of Aramco by the Saudis should thus be understood as simply another step in cementing the alliance forged over the last decade between the private oil companies and the native producing cartel. Petroleum Minister Sheik Ahmed Zaki Yamani foretold the new relationship in a remarkably candid speech delivered in Beirut during the spring of 1969:

> The majors—whether they like it or not—are gradually but steadily losing their dominant hold on the world market. Their percentage share of the marketing facilities will be diminishing year by year. As things stand the majors will become mere offtakers when, in one way or another, their present concessions terminate. They will therefore lose their power at the producing end, just as they are losing their power downstream. *But if they forge a link now with the national oil companies in the producing countries, via participation, this will enable them to enjoy a special status even after the termination of their concessions. By then our respective interests will have become so intertwined that a divorce would be virtually impossible.* (Italics added.)

What kind of marriage did Yamani envision?

Two significant trends are changing the face of the international oil business, and both trends will consolidate the political control of oil by the Arabian princes. First, the Saudis have recognized the importance of taking control of the "downstream" operations of the business—refining, petrochemicals, transport and marketing. In a study conducted for the Domestic Refiners Group by Conant and Associates, a Washington, D.C., energy consulting firm, this point was made very clear: "In order to consolidate their control and achieve domination, the crude oil producers recognize that they must attain a significant role in refining and processing, thereby assuring a high-priced future for their crude oil reserves even if substitutes and alternative sources are developed. . . . The crude oil exporters admit that their refining plans do not make commercial sense but contend that they accomplish important political goals."

To this end, the Saudis have committed themselves to building multibillion-dollar industrial parks containing the refineries and petrochemical plants that will eventually enable them to export higher-priced refined oil and processed products such as plastics. The major oil companies, particularly the former Aramco partners, will invest billions of dollars in these projects by participating in joint ventures with the Saudi regime. Exxon, Shell, the Dow Chemical Company, Texas Eastern Transmission Corporation and a number of other multinationals are financing joint-venture petrochemical plants with the Saudis. Mobil, Texaco and Shell have signed contracts with members of the Saudi royal family to build a new fleet of tankers designed to carry processed petroleum products. And Mobil, Shell, Texaco, Gulf Oil Corporation and Socal have agreed to joint ventures (usually on a 50-50 percentage basis) to build four large export refineries.

These investments by the oil majors are designed to insure them a "special status," in the words of Sheik Yamani. In return, the companies will be given preferred access to Saudi crude and, of course, their share of the profits from the export refineries. The political implications of this trend, however, are startling. The export refineries will greatly increase Saudi revenues by capturing the added value of a refined product. This additional revenue will encourage the Saudis to conserve their crude oil exports primarily for their domestic refineries, which will in turn make it increasingly difficult for American and Western European refineries to obtain sufficient supplies. The State Department's Deputy Assistant Secretary for International Energy Policy, Edward Morse, acknowledges as much in an October 6 report entitled *The Trend to Refining by Oil Producing Nations*: "For foreign oil companies, joint ventures are a two-edged sword. While gaining access to crude oil, they may be creating competition in their own markets, as well as possibly engaging in uneconomic ventures." (It is significant that only the American multinationals agreed to these joint ventures. By contrast, the Government-controlled French, British, Italian and German national oil companies were instructed not to negotiate with the Saudis on joint-venture projects that could only jeopardize European refining capacity.) Nevertheless, by the end of the 1980s Saudi investments in these downstream operations, with the aid of the American oil majors, could concentrate a controlling share of the world's oil production, refining and tanker business in Saudi hands.

The second major trend in the industry lies in the Saudis' determination to direct the marketing of their own oil. Already, Petromin, the royal family's "national" oil company, is taking an increasing share of the former Aramco partners' allocations and selling their oil on a direct government-to-government basis. (In 1974 the Seven Sisters controlled some 64 percent of the world's production, but by 1979 their share had slipped to 46 percent, according to *The New York Times*.) Yamani says the decision to market more oil through Petromin was made in 1978. "In the first nine months of 1978 we were producing below 8.0 million barrels per day. . . . When we started to produce 8.5 million barrels per day, we simply did not give [the Aramco companies] the additional oil."

Aramco's share of Saudi production since then has been cut to less than 6.5 million barrels per day, and it continues to decline. Petromin now markets more than 2.2 million barrels per day, more than four times the rate of 1978, according to the *Petroleum Intelligence Weekly*.

The Saudis are not oblivious to the political dividends to be gained from direct marketing. Government-to-government sales, says *Saudi Business*, a weekly review published in Jidda, "are also attractive because they treat oil as a strategic resource rather than as a simple commodity. Their signing or expiry can be used to reflect improvement or deterioration in relations between two parties."

The Saudi princes have for some time regularly interceded in Aramco's marketing operations, most often to redirect oil exports to Moslem political allies. Pakistan, Bangladesh, the Sudan, Zaire and other countries have won much-coveted three- and five-year supply contracts, while the French, who

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lobbied hard for last summer's European initiative to include the Palestinians in the Camp David negotiations, receive more than 30 percent of Petromin's exports.

What do these trends toward Saudi control of both the marketing and downstream processing aspects of the international oil trade tell us about the prospects for holding together the OPEC cartel? The answer is not easy, but it ultimately comes down to questions of sovereignty and the historical role of the oil companies in serving the cartel.

Fossil fuels, it must be granted, have long been underpriced, if only because they are ultimately depletable and the economic infrastructures for renewable energy alternatives have yet to be developed. But the price spirals of the last decade cannot be attributed to a sudden recognition of this fact. Prices escalated, rather, because the native producers needed more income and in the multinational oil companies they found willing collaborators who would handle the grubby details in the marketplace. [See Peter Achnacarry, "Breaking the Saudi Connection," *The Nation*, October 13, 1979.]

But despite its tremendous success, the cartel is nevertheless a fragile coalition of competing sovereign interests. With the exception of the Saudis (and post-revolutionary Iran), all the other members of the cartel desire to maximize their oil revenues for internal development purposes. Since few of the native producers can afford to cut back on production levels, the cartel has never been able to agree to a formal system of production quotas. Only the Saudis, because of their large reserves and very small population, can afford the political luxury of cutting oil production at will.

In lieu of production quotas, the job of maintaining the cartel's internal discipline has been delegated to the oil majors, who in effect "police" the cartel. They do this in two ways. First, information on quantities of oil exported by each country and prices paid are made public by the companies. Second, the companies pay a per-barrel export tax to each of the native producers. The tax varies from country to country depending on production and transport costs and the quality of the crude oil, but the tax tends to stabilize each country's share of the market. Members of the cartel who quietly attempt to expand their share of the market by lowering their export tax (which enables the oil companies they deal with to undercut their competitors, encouraging them to sell more oil) will be quickly found out.

For instance, in early 1975, Libya, in an attempt to expand its market share, secretly lowered Occidental Petroleum's tax rate by a slight margin. Occidental, in turn, cut its prices. A confidential State Department memo (*Discounts in Disguise: Price Shaving by Members of OPEC*, July 22, 1977) tells what happened:

> Brokers in Europe found that they could buy and sell Occidental's crude at marginally lower prices than for comparable oil from elsewhere, and this quickly became known throughout the industry. Embarrassed at having been discovered, the Libyan petroleum minister denied all and denounced Occidental's behaviour.

The oil multinationals, of course, are all too willing to administer the cartel; higher prices abroad inflate the value of their domestic assets. But they also believe that their cooperation will postpone the day when the producers cut them out altogether and begin to market all their own oil.

And yet, as we have seen, the trend toward producer marketing and processing seems irreversible both in Saudi Arabia and among the other major oil exporting nations who will follow suit. Ironically, it is exactly this trend which may ultimately break open the cartel. Direct government-to-government sales, which bypass the companies, will make it much more difficult for individual OPEC members to police the cartel.

The State Department memo cited above made this point:

> If OPEC members continue to market most of their crude oil through the multinational companies, the threat to the cartel is fairly low. However, the threat to OPEC will become very much greater if direct sales increase (as they will as national companies take over an increasing share of the oil marketing), if exporters go "downstream" into products and tanker fleets, or if exporters increase their discounting into major consuming markets.

Clearly, it would be in the national interest for Washington to accelerate the trend toward government-to-government sales. Congress should provide a publicly owned National Petroleum Authority, as Harold Ickes suggested at the outset of our Arabian empire, with the sole mandate to import all foreign oil through long-term government-to-government contracts.

Such an arrangement might not be in the best interest of Exxon and Mobil, but then, the public has not been served very well by their role in policing the cartel. In all fairness, there is nothing conspiratorial in the way the companies behave; they are supposed to pursue their corporate interests and maximize profits for themselves and their shareholders. But certainly, as the OPEC producers market a greater share of their own oil, the multinationals must act in an increasingly erratic fashion, further destabilizing the market in their frantic search for supplies. This occurred most recently during the gasoline crunch of 1979. According to a May 1980 report issued by the Energy Educational Foundation in Washington, D.C., the majors' rash of speculative purchases on the Rotterdam spot market were an important factor in the creation of the summer gasoline crisis.

Government intervention in the oil-import trade will rationalize the market. Indeed, we are one of the few nations in the world today that does not recognize that oil is too essential a commodity to be left to the control of private interests.

Those who rail against the Saudis for asserting sovereign control over their natural resources, or who inveigh against the multinational companies that now facilitate a producers cartel, are misdirecting their political energies. What the Saudis and other oil producers have done is only natural. It is the shortsightedness of our own Government that is the real problem. For why have our public officials first sanctioned the imperial exploitation by private interests of another country and then allowed the same corporations to

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reap unfettered profits from American consumers through a monopoly system protected by their Government? The answer lies in our national obsession with the folklore of the free marketplace and our stubborn refusal to recognize the essential value of state power and public administration. We must constantly remind the citizenry of the sea of private waste, profiteering, corruption and inefficiency drowning the great corporations. We must remember, as Philip Green wrote in these pages, that "much of what seems like the cancer of American centralism is indeed indefensible, but that is because so much of it has been created not to redistribute income or control irresponsible corporations but to promote economic growth in such a way that their owners and managers are the chief beneficiaries. . . . Weaken the state and it is almost certainly our collective capacity for self-defense against the powerful that will be most gravely weakened." [See Green, "Two Cheers for the State," *The Nation*, April 14, 1979.]

The American left must place high on its agenda for the 1980s a national energy policy firmly grounded in the principle of Government control. For if the recent election is understood as a rejection of "vital-center" liberalism, then the Reagan Presidency will have created a remarkable opportunity to break American ideological mindsets for the first time since the 1930s.

It is on the central issue of energy that the left has most to contribute, and, for a start, it could do no better than to resurrect Harold Ickes's advocacy of Government control over foreign oil imports. □

FRIENDLY PERSUASION

A Solar Village That Works

FRED J. COOK

North Easton, Massachusetts

The sign says "Friends Community." One turns down a drive into a parking lot, and there are two rows of town houses of traditional New England clapboard construction, a neat brick walk running between them. But one quickly sees that these saltbox houses are different from any others. Huge solar panels, pitched at an angle of 52 degrees, face directly south, taking up most of the roof space of each unit; this is a community specifically designed to be heated by the sun's abundant energy.

Fifty-six of these attached town houses have been built on an eighty-seven-acre tract of field and woodland outside this town on the southern fringe of the Boston suburbs. It is, its builders say, the only solar-heated community in the nation. I have seen it; I have talked to its residents—and I have found that it works.

Typical is the joint comment of Portia Perry and Mary Veitch. They moved into one of the first completed units on December 1, 1979. The rooms are spacious in their one-story, two-bedroom unit. The floor plan is L-shaped. The front door admits one to the bottom bar of the L, an area wide enough to serve as a small den, accommodating Portia Perry's desk and filing cabinet and a floor-model television set. The long shank of the L forms a gracious living and dining area. At the far end are two good-sized bedrooms; to the right, a large bathroom and a compact, well-equipped kitchen. These are certainly not cramped quarters designed to be easy to heat, but Portia Perry and Mary Veitch both say they were warmer here all last winter than they had been for the last three or four years. On some of the coldest days, they had to open the door a little to let in air because the house got too warm.

Dr. Sidney Cobb, clerk of the Friends Community corporation and a semi-retired professor who still does some teaching at Boston University and Brown University, comments, as do other residents, on "the evenness of the heat," and on the economy achieved through massive insulation and the air-circulating solar system.

Each town house has backup sources of heat. Supplemental electric heat comes on when the sun refuses to shine and the temperature gets too low. Most units also have wood stoves, supplied with logs from the community's sixty-five-acre woodlot, and these are used at times to throw out extra heat in early morning or at night. But it is the solar system and the exceptionally heavy insulation that provide most of the warmth and coziness. "February was the coldest month we had last year," Portia Perry says, "but do you know what my entire electric bill for everything—lights, electric stove, refrigerator and backup heat—was for the month? Just $59."

Dr. Wayne Jones, former head of Boston University's School of Theology and perhaps the most revered member of the community, lives with his family in one of the two-story units along brick-paved Rufus Jones Lane, named after the eminent Quaker philosopher. One of the originators of the project, Dr. Jones is now ill with cancer and confined much of the time to his bed. But he is mentally alert and eloquent when he speaks in his softly modulated voice about the success of the project that he struggled for eight years to bring into being. "Because of my condition," he says, "I couldn't use my wood stove as much as Portia did hers. But my electric bills for last January and February, even without using the wood stove very much, averaged only about $65 a month."

Dr. Jones explains that when the Quakers first discussed building such a community in 1972, they planned on making the fullest use of solar heat. Some members were paying between $750 and $800 for fuel oil even before prices nearly doubled last year; to them the possible savings from solar were extremely important. "We started by planning

Fred J. Cook, a regular contributor to The Nation, *won the Newspaper Guild of New York 1980 "Page One" Award for Crusading Journalism for his recent series of articles on energy issues. Research support for this article was provided by the Fund for Investigative Journalism.*

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for a retirement community for older members," Dr. Jones explains, "but we wanted to get away from the geriatric ghetto. We wanted to develop a supportive community where people of all ages could live as long as possible in independence, knowing that, in need, the next-door neighbor would come in and help."

Having settled on North Easton, which is within commuting distance of both Boston and Providence, Rhode Island, the Quakers became involved in years of negotiations with the town to secure approval for the development. They also had to find a builder willing to tackle the complexities of a solar system. "We got a grant of $132,000 from the Federal Housing and Urban Development agency," Dr. Jones says. "This was supposed to take care of 40 percent of the installation costs of the solar system, but in the time lost through delays, construction costs nearly doubled. For example, a unit like mine, which was supposed to cost $40,000, actually cost $60,000 by the time we got into it."

Dr. Jones adds that there was only one builder in the area willing to undertake solar construction—"and so I am sure we probably didn't get the cheapest price." The novelty of the experience for the builder also created some weird problems. Mary Veitch recalls that when her unit was completed, the construction workers suddenly realized they had left themselves no way to install the rock pile necessary to retain solar heat. "They had to cut a hole in the back of the closet in our entranceway to get the stones in," she says.

The solar system used in the project was developed by Dr. G.O.G. Lof in Boulder, Colorado, in 1943, and has been in continuous use in his home since 1957. His experience showed that maintenance costs were minuscule. In nearly twenty years they came to only $20.

The Lof system, now marketed under the trade name Solaron, was like something out of the space age to the Massachusetts builder. He was so uncertain of what he was doing that, even after the first units were completed, he called in experts from Colorado to double-check his work. Mary Veitch recalls that she was sitting in her living room in perfect comfort when the Colorado experts descended and went through the house from roof panels to rock pile. "I'm sitting here, perfectly naïve," she says, "and I hear them calling to one another, as if in great surprise, 'Why, it works!' I thought to myself, 'Why, of course it works. Isn't it supposed to work?' That was the first time I had any idea there was any doubt about it."

Simply described, the system functions through a continuous airflow. Heavily padded pipes carry 120-150 degree solar heat down through the house, where it performs various functions. A hot-water coil heats the water in a heavily insulated tank. A motorized damper funnels the flow to the heat box composed of stones from ¾ of an inch to 1½ inches in diameter. A fan distributes the amount needed for home heating through floor vents like those in a conventional hot-air system. Excess heat is stored in the bottom of the rock pile to be called upon at night or in cloudy weather. A second heavily padded pipe circulates the air that has cooled off after performing its home-heating function back to the roof's solar panels to be reheated in a continuous process.

Portia Perry has found that the stored heat in the rock pile is sufficient to supply adequate warmth at night and through most of a cloudy day. She sets her thermostat back to 55 degrees at night, but the temperature is usually 58 or 59 when she gets up in the morning to go to her job as a school psychologist. She has found that she can move the thermostat up a couple of degrees more without the auxiliary electric heat coming on. So she does this and then puts a couple of logs into her wood stove to warm the house until the sun begins to perform its duty.

Dr. Cobb explains the construction principles that have made those town houses so airtight and warm. Behind the outside clapboard is a heavy layer of fiberglass insulation, aluminum-backed on both sides. Then the spaces between the studs are packed with another four inches of insulation. Between eight and ten inches of insulation seal off the ceiling. Windows are all made of double thermopane glass, with a quarter-inch of air space between the two panes. In windows facing south, this double thermopane glass pours in an additional amount of passive solar heat when the sun is shining. "Sometimes it gets up to 80 degrees in my bedroom and I have to let some air in," Mary Veitch says.

The system, oddly enough, also works in summer. The flow of heat to the heat box is cut off by the simple insertion of a metal plate while the hot-water coil continues to heat the water tank. "It will be 10 to 15 degrees cooler inside the house than it is outside," the Cobbs say.

The Quakers, it would seem, have demonstrated in their own way the unique advantages of solar heat. It is, unfortunately, a concept still struggling for more universal acceptance. A friend of mine who does a lot of work for some of the largest energy companies told me contemptuously: "We've looked into all of these alternative sources. Solar? Bah, there's nothing in it. It's good to heat water, but that's about all."

Perhaps a visit to the North Easton town houses might make him change his mind. □

Suffering

(Continued From Front Cover)

hostage situation emerges—one that has been too little heard.

Two groups—one official, the other quasi-official—have dealt with the families. They are the Iranian Working Group (I.W.G.), a special crisis center set up within the State Department, and the Family Liaison Action Group (F.L.A.G.), which was established, under clouded auspices, as a "patriotic self-help group." F.L.A.G., as will be seen, is apparently the offspring of the I.W.G., which is run by Under Secretary of State David Newsom and has its headquarters on the seventh floor of the State Department opposite Newsom's office. The hostage families have been encouraged to address their questions and grievances to this ad hoc agency. Early on, the I.W.G. laid down the ground rules on what the families could or could not say to the press. The advice was short and to the point: say as little as possi-

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ble, because anything said might be twisted by the terrorists and endanger the hostages' lives. At the same time, Newsom controlled what information—if any—could be divulged to the families about each new development in the crisis.

Newsom and his large staff of Middle East experts have immediate access to diplomatic intelligence coming through the communications and operations center opposite Newsom's office. The Under Secretary also has a close working relationship with the National Security Council, which enables him to identify at short notice any developing policy differences between the State Department and the more domestically oriented N.S.C. Finally, Newsom has close contacts within the Department of Defense and the Central Intelligence Agency, having previously worked with them on an interagency task force set up at the outset of the crisis to help resolve the policy conflicts that had erupted between the N.S.C. and the State Department. By monitoring his different sources of information and keeping attuned to the wishes of the Carter Administration, Newsom and his group kept the information that was released to the hostages' families within official bounds; by acting as a sounding board for their grievances, the group could also obviously seek to smother any incipient public flareups of dissent.

The families cooperated with the I.W.G. for the first few months of the crisis. But, occasionally, efforts by the White House and the State Department to muzzle dissent flopped. The best-known case involved Barbara Timm, a switchboard operator from Oak Creek, Wisconsin, whose resolve to see her hostage son, 21-year-old Marine Sgt. Kevin Hermening, was only strengthened by White House efforts to prevent her from reaching him. "Why does my Government feel threatened by me?" asked Barbara Timm when she landed in Teheran. Irate over suggestions in the press that her visit was to be used for anti-American propaganda, she responded, "From the United States of America an ordinary citizen—a little person—cannot get a call through to the embassy in Teheran. That's the sort of thing that made me wonder if maybe I was used by American propaganda, not Iranian."

Timm's defiance of President Jimmy Carter's travel ban to Iran was the most visible show of dissent from the hostage families, but it was not the first. That originated with Bonnie and Luzette Graves, wife and daughter of John Graves, Public Affairs Officer at the U.S. Embassy in Teheran. This was in the beginning of March 1979, one month before Timm's trip. Up until then, Luzette explained to me, the family had gone along with the State Department's instructions to keep quiet, but by March she and her mother had come to realize that the State Department was not reciprocating the cooperation asked of the Graveses and the other families.

For one thing, the briefings sponsored by the Iranian Working Group did not tell them any more than what they could learn in the press. I.W.G. officers had also discouraged them from making contact with other hostage families, and had refused to release their names or addresses, including those of the families whose husbands and sons had worked directly under John Graves. Finally, the I.W.G. tried to dissuade them from phoning Teheran. "The hostages can call out," these experts advised, "but you can't call them. They may not want to hear from you."

By the fifth month of the hostage crisis, the emotional toll on the Graveses had become excruciating. In the absence of concrete information about the fate of their father, Bonnie's four adult-aged sons and Luzette had little recourse but to argue among themselves—usually at the dinner table—over what had led to the seizure of the embassy and how the hostages might be released.

Mrs. Graves's conviction that her husband was totally innocent of Iranian charges of spying gave her some solace, but it was a letter from John Graves himself that made her think that maybe she should examine the crisis a little more carefully and possibly go public once she was satisfied with the results of her own initial investigation. The message from her husband was in fact a warning: "Watch out for Kissinger, Rockefeller and Helms," he wrote cryptically.

Such a statement was not out of character. John Graves, Bonnie explained, was a man who believed in "trying to bring change from within." His opposition to the Vietnam War, which he considered a civil conflict that did not require American involvement, did not go down well in Washington and he was transferred from his United States Information Service post in Vietnam. When he was assigned to Teheran almost a decade later in the fall of 1979, Graves was puzzled. His area of specialization was French-speaking West Africa, and there were many other career officers better qualified for the position of Public Affairs Officer in Teheran than a man who didn't know the region, its language or its people. Graves planned to retire that year, however, and accepted the unusual assignment as his last, with the understanding that he was to try to improve U.S. relations with the new Iranian Government that had deposed the Shah.

Looking back on the President's decision to admit the Shah into the United States for medical treatment, and the events that followed, Bonnie Graves found it increasingly difficult to support the Administration's handling of the crisis. She saw none of the give-and-take bartering of traditional diplomacy that should have followed the embassy seizure. For example, the militants released thirteen hostages as a gesture, and in return, explained Mrs. Graves, "we froze their assets."

By the first week of March, the Graveses were ready to speak out against the Carter Administration. On March 2, CBS aired, as scheduled, a *60 Minutes* special on the Shah, detailing his use of torture, his secret police collaboration with the C.I.A. and the intrigue which led to his admission into the United States at the urging of David Rockefeller and Henry Kissinger. The show was so revealing of past American involvement in the crimes of the Shah that the White House repeatedly tried to stop it, phoning the pro-

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ducers and warning them that the program "could present problems for the hostages and play into the hands of the people holding the hostages." *The New York Times* described the White House pressure as "the most overt instance known of the Carter Administration's attempting to interfere with television news."

The program galvanized Bonnie and Luzette Graves. "We watched *60 Minutes* on Sunday," Mrs. Graves recalled, "and we said, 'Amen, amen. Here we go; now we've got the part that we didn't have knowledge of, but suspected. . . . The American public is not blind; they are ready to see. Let's go ahead.' "

She and her daughter did, the very next day, in the living room of their suburban home before a flock of reporters. "It takes a strong nation to be able to say I'm sorry," Mrs. Graves told a stunned audience. "What we need is a total reexamination of our foreign policy. We must cease our neocolonialist activities that feed the fires that breed terrorism."

On March 7, Zane Hall, the father of 31-year-old Army Warrant Officer Joseph Hall, angrily criticized Carter for his decision to admit the deposed Shah in November 1979 and his failure to solve the crisis. "I'm not happy with the Carter Administration," he told the press. "I think it's an idiotic, fumbling, damned mess."

Three days later, on March 10, Bonnie Graves was answering phone calls on the late-night Larry King radio program when a call came in from Wisconsin. "I'm calling to say that we support Mrs. Graves and her children 100 percent!" a voice exclaimed. "God bless you!" It was Barbara Timm, who had just heard the Graveses call for a Congressional investigation of American involvement in Iran and an apology from Carter for past U.S. activities in that country.

On March 11, the day after Barbara Timm phoned in her support to Bonnie Graves, Lawrence Persinger, the father of hostage Marine Sgt. George Persinger, also went public. The families, he said, had been "pushed around" and "humiliated" long enough. "I would like to know what Carter and the State Department have done as far as getting the hostages out in the last four months!" he exclaimed.

On March 13, the Rev. William Howard, president of the National Council of Churches, revealed on the *MacNeil/Lehrer Report* that additional families had begun to share the view of the Graveses, "especially among some of the children, the college-age young people . . . who call on me to help clarify in their minds why our Government has not been more forthcoming in at least expressing what is already on record."

No sooner had the Graveses gone public for the first time than Republican Congressman George Hansen of Idaho, a Ronald Reagan supporter who had made two self-appointed diplomatic missions to Teheran, contacted them. As Hansen would later reveal to Congress, he had accumulated "massive information" from his trips, documenting illegal banking activities conducted with the Shah by David Rockefeller's Chase Manhattan Bank and other major banks. Hansen, who is chairman of the House Banking Committee, claimed he had information that suggested why Chase Manhattan was so anxious to see Carter freeze—and then seize—$8 billion worth of Iranian assets deposited in American banks: Chase had handled up to $20 billion a year of Iranian oil revenues during the reign of the Shah, but by the summer of 1979 the Khomeini Government had begun to withdraw large blocks of Iranian funds from Chase's branches in Europe. Moreover, Chase had led an international consortium of banks in arranging up to $1.3 billion in loans to the Shah's Government in violation of the Shah's own constitution and against the advice of Chase's own lawyers in Teheran. Once the new revolutionary Government came into power, it was within its legal rights to challenge at any time the validity of those loans. Angry Chase shareholders might then feel obliged to file lawsuits against Chase for ignoring the advice of its lawyers. Surely a Congressional investigation into U.S. banking ties with the Shah was in order. It might even help the hostages. Iranian President Abolhassan Bani-Sadr was very much in favor of this course of action. Carry it out, he had pledged, and the hostages would be released.

The next time the Graveses made a public appeal they called for a Congressional investigation. "I couldn't see how an investigation of banking activities could endanger the lives of the hostages," explained Bonnie Graves, who had been doing some of her own investigations with the help of banking friends in the East. Barbara Timm followed suit with a similar demand for a Congressional investigation. George Hansen, for his part, later helped Timm arrange her trip to Iran. Hansen's problem was that his anti-Rockefeller political motivations, while possibly not that apparent to the hostage families he sought to "assist," were well known to his peers in Congress. His strident condemnation of the former Shah also seemed opportunistic, given his previous support for such hard-line dictators as Anastasio Somoza of Nicaragua and Ian Smith of Rhodesia. Still, Hansen's bud-

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ding relationship with some of the hostage families and their own calls for a Congressional investigation were not lost on the Administration.

On March 14, only days after the Graveses and Mrs. Timm made contact on the Larry King program, a quiet meeting was held in the State Department headquarters of the Iranian Working Group. Several hours later a new organization was born. Called the Family Liaison Action Group, the new organization billed itself as a "patriotic self-help group" designed to help families overcome their feelings of isolation. But the founders of F.L.A.G. could not conceal that they had another objective as well—"to speak in one voice"—reflecting a growing concern that too many voices were being heard, and particularly those of one family. The "statements by the Graveses," according to F.L.A.G. spokeswoman Louisa Kennedy, were "a factor in the move to establish F.L.A.G."

Many months have passed since the formation of F.L.A.G. and while its legitimacy as *the* organization of the hostage families has seldom been questioned in the town where it's based (Washington, D.C.), the fact remains that many families, particularly those whose captive sons and husbands were members of the armed services, have avoided the organization, considering it an enclave of the "State Department elite."

Zane Hall, father of hostage Joseph Hall, told me last summer that he never was a F.L.A.G. member "and I don't intend to be either." He was as dubious about F.L.A.G.'s "liaison" activities ("I have no idea who the other families are. I've never seen a list of names") as he was about its definition of "action." ("They send me their funky newsletter, but when I see who it's from, I just can it. I don't care about reading it. . . . They just want to parrot President Carter's line of reasoning—and I'm dead set against what he's had to say.")

Hall's suspicions were not without foundation. According to Luzette Graves, who along with her mother has been the focus of intimidation and harassment by some of F.L.A.G.'s members and supporters, "it took four meetings before there was any kind of roll-call vote." Agendas, she added, were "imposed on the meetings before anyone had a chance to decide them." Even the name of the organization was not chosen democratically, she said. Instead, it simply appeared on a letterhead at one of the early meetings. While all of its members had initially agreed that F.L.A.G. would be independent of the State Department, before long all the meetings were held in a room in the Department's headquarters; even its phone was shared with the I.W.G.

The question of F.L.A.G.'s provenance in fact became a serious issue in the middle of April when Louisa Kennedy announced that she and three other women—all members of F.L.A.G., one the mother of Richard Queen—were planning an "apolitical," "person to person" visit to Europe "to seek allied support for the release of the hostages." The apolitical mission involved meetings with three European heads of state and the Pope in an effort to win their support for imposing sanctions against Iran. Louisa Kennedy insisted that F.L.A.G. was "not an arm of the State Department" and that its financial support came from "people who believe in our organization but wish to remain anonymous." Who those people are remains a mystery. Bonnie Graves, who took on the position of treasurer in F.L.A.G. "to keep abreast of the organization," has been left in the dark about the group's finances. "Nothing has passed in front of me," she said, "although there were funds to go to Europe that were raised somehow or other."

The State Department has since claimed that it was opposed to the European trip by the four F.L.A.G. women. Sources within F.L.A.G., meanwhile, have indicated that Louisa Kennedy received a call from the White House asking her to participate in the European mission. The Graveses believe the F.L.A.G. women were sent to Europe as part of a cover for the final stages of the secret rescue mission to Iran that was being set in motion at the same time.

Although corporate claims against Iranian assets have complicated the current U.S. initiative, only one family, that of Marine hostage Michael Moeller, has filed suit against Iran, and is awaiting Congressional approval to carry it through to its conclusion in court. Among those taking a negative view of such suits were the Timms. "We don't really care about all that money and those assets," Kenneth Timm commented last spring. "We want our people out."

The Graveses, the Timms and the Halls have had many bitter experiences over the past year, but nothing has troubled them more than being branded traitors for speaking out. "A lot of the reporting that has been done on us makes us look very unpatriotic when in fact we are people of principle," complains Luzette. Barbara Timm no longer even speaks to the press; she also keeps her distance from F.L.A.G. and the State Department, both of which indicated in public that she was emotionally incapable of handling her first trip to Teheran to visit her son and later, after she returned, reportedly spread false rumors that her son had suffered terribly as a result of her visit. Zane Hall talks sadly of "the ignorance of the American people—they just read a few things and form an opinion" and is now reluctant to speak out on the hostage issue. "It just brings a lot of flak."

The tragic ordeal of the hostage families was perhaps best conveyed last March when dissent was still too spontaneous to be suppressed and when Dorothy Limbert, the mother of hostage John Limbert, came to the following conclusion:

> I feel most of us have been practically immobilized with the fear that if we said anything, we would hurt the hostages. I think we're beginning to feel—as our depression lets go and we're able to think—I think that we're able to see that the damage has already been done . . . the damage to our own freedom of speech and their freedom of speech when they come home.

Now, one year after the seizure of the embassy and with Iran and Iraq engulfed in a dangerous war, the Carter Administration must finally be asked, has its policy of smothering the truth helped the hostages? In the absence of a better answer from the White House, the words of Mrs. Limbert remain to haunt America. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Betting on a Grand Thing

JAY NEUGEBOREN

When, at the age of 24, I sold my first short story —for $10 to the now defunct *Colorado Quarterly* —I had already accumulated, by count, 576 rejection slips. I had also, by this time, written seven unpublished novels. About six months before, after an especially discouraging run of rejections, I'd tried to wallpaper my one-room flat with these slips. I spent the morning reading through them and sorting them out—the form letters to one side, the personal notes to the other—and the idea seemed antic, daring, wonderful. I arranged the slips of paper in stacks, by size and color, and after lunch I began taping and stapling them to the wall above my desk.

In some perverse way these small squares and rectangles of paper seemed, actually, to prove to me that I was what I doubted most and what I longed above all to be: a real writer. I would surround myself with a dazzling and ingeniously quilted patchwork made up of the words of those who were resisting me, and I would then—knowing who and where my enemies were—do them battle. I would become even more determined to keep writing, to succeed as a writer. And someday, I dreamt, when my work was published and praised and all these same editors came around to honor me, to solicit my fiction . . .

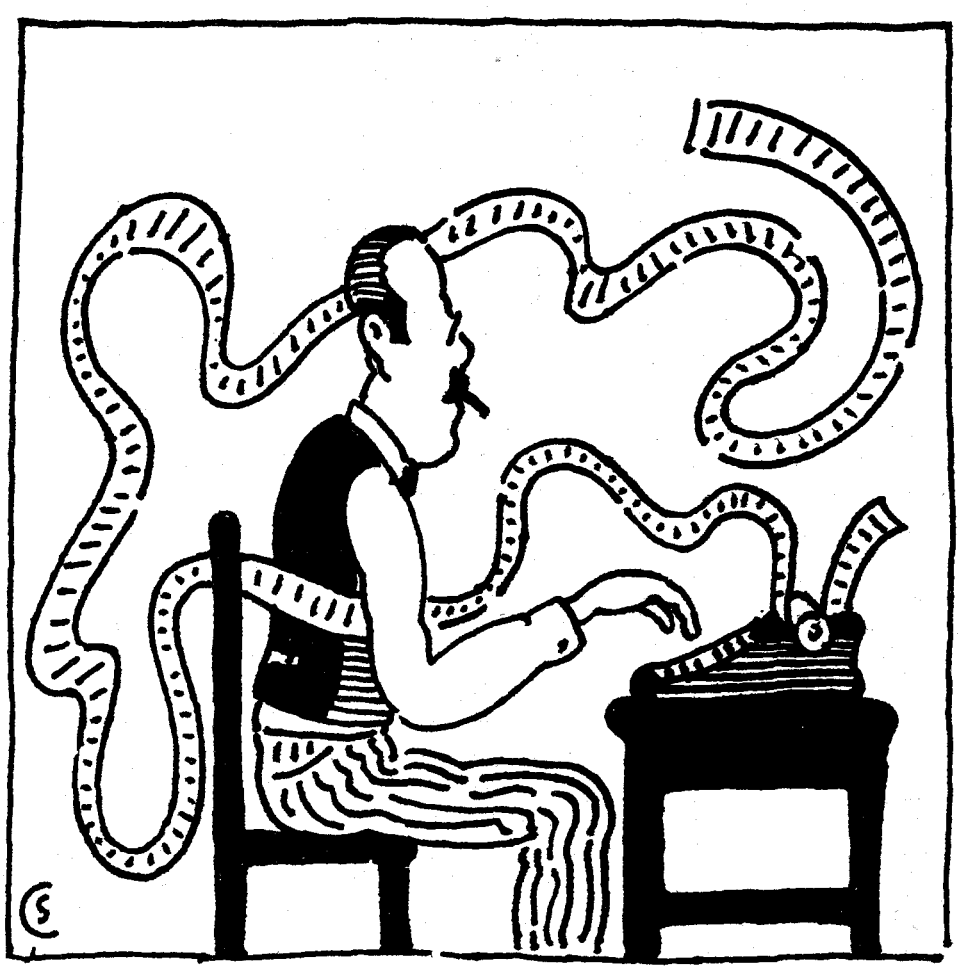
To my surprise (I was always at least as naïve as I was persistent) it took less than an hour of stapling and taping before I found myself in the blackest of depressions. I felt as miserable and defeated as I'd ever been before. I took the rejection slips down and put them in the bottom drawer of my desk. I brooded on my writing, my nonexistent career, my fate—I would never be published; I would never be happy again. The only sheet of paper I left on the wall was the one that told me where my various books, stories and articles were, and when I had sent them out.

Then, a few days later, when I was typing up a new list of what I had out on submission, and after I'd typed the title of my new novel, the name of the publisher I'd just sent it to, and the date, I hit the tab key, let the carriage slide a few inches to the left and I typed in odds—10,000 to 1. I made up odds for each other item on the list, and when I got to the bottom of the page, underneath the column of figures, I listed a Best Bet, Long Shot, Hopeful, Sleeper and Daily Double. To the left, under the titles, I would keep a running score: "THEM" against "US." I've kept a scoreboard ever since.

A few months ago—some seventeen years after I'd tacked that first scoreboard to my wall (the odds on film rights to my unsold novel were then 989,989 to 1; the odds on selected stories were 15,000, or 20,000 to 1)—I had twenty-nine different items (some on multiple submission) out at forty-two different places. In the daily shuffling of manuscripts from one envelope to another, the typing of covering letters, the weighing and addressing and mailing of manuscripts, the score-keeping and record-keeping and the posting of odds, I was, I felt, running my own one-man cottage industry.

One scoreboard during the past year had the most winners in history—four —and a shrewd bettor (the author himself?), foreseeing this run of luck, could have cleaned up. My new novel, a Long Shot at 500 to 1, was sold after a dozen rejections to Holt, Rinehart & Winston (which had, fifteen months before, been the first to turn it down). A short story, "Noah's Song," that had been turned down twenty-four times and was listed at 2,500 to 1 odds, was sold to *Present Tense*, and two other stories, each with more than fifty rejections to its credit and each leaving the starting gate at 1,000 to 1, were sold: "Leaving Brooklyn" to *The Literary Review*, which paid only in copies, and "The St. Dominick's Game" to *The Atlantic Monthly*, which paid $1,000.

"The St. Dominick's Game" had



Jay Neugeboren is the editor of The Story of STORY Magazine *(W. W. Norton & Company). His fifth novel,* The Stolen Jew, *will be published by Holt, Rinehart & Winston in the spring.*

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been turned down by *The Atlantic* twice previously, though nobody there remembered doing so. I had, in truth, written the story sixteen years before, when I was 26 years old. I could verify the exact month, because it was the story I took along with me, to revise, on my honeymoon—an act that I find as appalling now as I found it natural and necessary then. (To my wife, Betsey, it seemed equally appalling both times.) About a year ago, while rummaging through my closet, I came across it, read it and thought, "Hmm, not a bad story—not at all the kind I would write now—still . . ." I had it in a sealed envelope, addressed to a quarterly, when at the last minute I thought of giving it a final chance at one or two of the larger-circulation magazines. It was, I've thought since, as if on gambler's instinct, I had suddenly gotten out of line and moved from the $2 to the $50 window.

At the same time that business on the scoreboard was at a peak, I began to run what I came to think of as a second cottage industry from my Massachusetts home: instead of being merely the receiver of acceptances and rejections, I became for the first time in my life—by accepting DeWitt Henry's invitation to guest-edit a special fiction issue of *Ploughshares*—the giver of acceptances and rejections.

I was, for many reasons, delighted that DeWitt had asked me. I'd had one of my own favorite stories, "Uncle Nathan" (twenty-one rejections; 1,200 to 1 odds), published in *Ploughshares* in an issue that Tim O'Brien had edited the previous year. I liked *Ploughshares*'s emphasis on fiction; I liked the kind of fiction it tended to publish; I liked its idea of a rotating guest editorship, and most of all I liked DeWitt's sense of what he was about in devoting most of his life to publishing a good magazine that had a circulation of 3,000. "There is such a thing as a purely literary motive," he wrote recently, "and in publishing, however hackneyed the terms, it is the attempt to encourage work of enduring quality, to establish standards of quality, to promote just appreciation and understanding, to improve and develop audience (rather than 'market') and to address public needs that are obviously not those of entertainment or escape."

DeWitt suggested that I consider an issue that would contain ten to fifteen stories, with roughly a third being stories by older writers I admired, a third by my peers and a third by younger writers—including, with luck, one or more "discoveries." DeWitt's hope had always been to have one fiction issue of *Ploughshares* that was at least equal in quality to the current volume of *The Best American Short Stories*. He wanted, with *Ploughshares*, to provide what he called "contexts of merit"—to get people talking about what fiction was, to make writers write their very best fiction in order to be published in *Ploughshares*. I began, at once, to read through the dozens of stories—unsolicited, for the most part—that DeWitt forwarded to me. I felt happy, optimistic, buoyant.

But, as with the wallpaper of rejection slips, I was unprepared for what followed. I was unprepared, first of all, for the sheer number and quality of good stories that I received. From January through July, to produce an issue of a dozen stories, we received and read more than 900. A half-dozen readers (for no pay) went through these stories and sent those they liked best to me. (When we arrived at the cutoff date, we had an additional 400 to 500 envelopes we had not even opened.)

To edit Martha Foley's memoir, *The Story of STORY Magazine*, I had spent the previous eighteen months reading through all of *STORY* magazine (for most of the decade Martha edited it, from 1931 to 1941, it was a monthly), and skimming through the volumes of *Best Stories* that she had edited (1941-77). The stories I was now reading, by writers known and unknown to me, were as good as those I'd been

Contest for New Poets

"Discovery—THE NATION, '81" has been opened jointly by The Poetry Center of the 92nd Street YM-YWHA in New York City and THE NATION. The competition, now in its seventh year, represents a fusion of The Poetry Center's "Discovery" contest and THE NATION's poetry prize. It is designed to attract larger audiences for young poets through the combination of publication and poetry recital.

WINNERS of the 1980 contest were Don Bogen, Michael McFee, Rosanna Warren and Stephen Yenser. In May, they gave a group reading at The Poetry Center, and their poems were published in THE NATION.

Contest Information

OPEN to poets whose work has NOT yet been published in book form. Book form includes chapbooks and self-published books.

REQUIREMENTS: Ten poems (not more than 500 lines) of original poetry in English are to be submitted.

THE AWARDS: Each of the four winners will receive an honorarium of $50 and will be invited to read at The Poetry Center on Monday, May 18, 1981. Each winner will have one poem, which has never been published, printed in THE NATION magazine.

MANUSCRIPT DETAILS: Submit four complete sets of the ten poems, each set securely fastened. Your name, biographical data and information indicating whether a particular poem has been published should NOT appear on the poems. Instead, a SEPARATE cover page should include your name, address and phone number. *Manuscripts will not be returned, so please retain a copy of your submission.* THE NATION reserves the right to publish at its regular rates any previously unpublished poems submitted by the four winners.

JUDGING will take place in April; winners will be chosen by judges whose names will be announced after the contest is over.

DEADLINE for receipt of poems: February 24, 1981.

SEND ALL ENTRIES TO: The Poetry Center, 92nd Street YM-YWHA, 1395 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York 10028. Direct inquiries to Shelley Mason, Managing Director, The Poetry Center.

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reading in *STORY* and *Best Stories*. Within the first six weeks, when I'd read perhaps fifty manuscripts, I could have put together an issue of a dozen stories that I would have been proud of and whose quality would have been, in my opinion, superior to most issues of *STORY*, and equal to the general level of recent volumes of *Best Stories*. And I knew that I still had five months and hundreds of manuscripts ahead of me.

Where, I kept asking myself—and others—*were all these good writers coming from,* and who were they? Why were there so many good stories looking for a home in *Ploughshares*, a magazine that paid little and had a modest circulation? And how sad, I kept thinking, that there were so few magazines left—two and a half by my count (*The Atlantic, The New Yorker* and, occasionally, *Esquire*)—that both regularly printed good fiction *and* reached a wide audience. Most of the stories I was reading would probably wind up in magazines that were seen mainly by the author's friends and by a few other writers . . . *if* they were lucky, and *if* their authors were persistent. Why, then—knowing that this was the present market situation for stories—did these writers keep writing? Why did they keep submitting?

During the early weeks, I was unprepared for the wavering of my own judgment. Before this I had been, as it were, merely a reader and lover of stories. I knew what I liked when I read it. But now I had to make choices, and I was reading many stories that, though I didn't especially *like* them, were clearly well written, original, sometimes dazzling. Were some of these stories nevertheless deserving of publication, because they were so accomplished, even though they did not especially appeal to me? And what was I to do when, after an afternoon of reading a dozen or more stories—after I'd read my third story about a nursing home, or my fourth story about a single-parent-coping-with-separation-and-child-and-sex-and-singledom—I felt that the very (surface) similarity of these stories was blurring my ability to see each story clearly? And how would I ever have the sheer time to read each story with the care and ease (privately, without distractions) that good fiction deserved?

Sometime during this period a story of mine ("Jai Alai, Far From Home," twenty-six rejections, 1,200 to 1 odds) was taken by the *Minnesota Review*. "Reading mss. for this particular issue," Scott Sanders, their fiction editor, wrote me, "I've been more excited and more depressed about the state of fiction in America than ever before. Here we sit, small publication, don't pay anything, no fame—and in the last month before our deadline for the fiction issue, we received about 300 stories, perhaps fifty good ones and a couple of dozen very good ones. Where are all those people? Who's reading them? Whom are they writing for? And if we see this kind of work, what must *The Atlantic* see every month?" (According to Richard Todd, executive editor, *The Atlantic* sees about 25,000 stories a year.)

As the months went by, I found that I was enjoying my editorship as much as I'd ever enjoyed any experience connected with my career as writer. I enjoyed, most of all, simply reading good stories and writing to their authors about them. I enjoyed sharing the stories with DeWitt and Betsey—discussing them, reading sections from them aloud, rereading them, editing them. As my own standards and tastes became more apparent to me, by the process of winnowing and selection, I began also to feel less obliged to do anything but choose those stories I myself liked most. I realized what I'd known before about my preferences but had not, in this particular way, had to put to use or to name.

I tended to like stories that were realistic. I liked stories that showed the evidence of a single, unique mind working freely—stories in which images and incidents and characters were so striking and compelling that I did not believe that any other author could ever have invented them. I liked stories that had an *edge*, stories that were seen clearly and sharply and that had a voice informing them which was steady, severe, spare. I liked stories in which there was the sense of a particular life lived, one in which the history of that life, past and future, was suggested and felt beyond the beginning and end of the story. I preferred stories that were centered more in the heart than in the mind.

When DeWitt had read through the first half-dozen or so of my final choices, he suggested naming the issue "Strangers in a Strange Land." I smiled. The themes suggested by the biblical phrase—of loss, exile, displacement—were, I saw at once (though I had not until then), those that most moved me and drove me. They were there in the fiction

For the Nation's Readers

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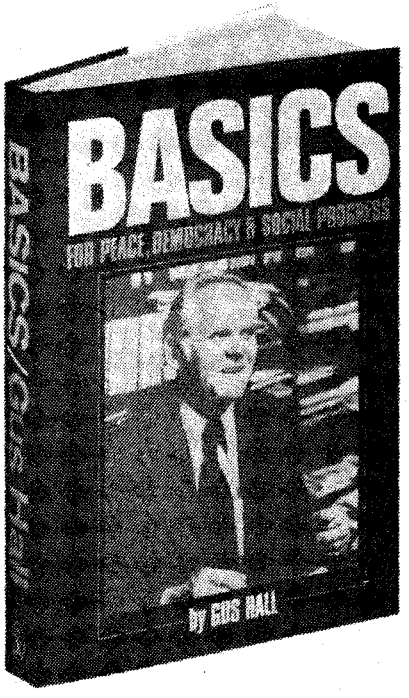

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I'd chosen—and they were there in my own fiction. They were central to something in me and I was willing to trust that centrality, that sensibility. They were present as central concerns of the short story writers of the past whom I loved most: they gave life to the stories of Babel, Chekhov, James and Cather. They were accompanied, when the stories were strongest and truest and most memorable, by a love of storytelling itself, and by a sense of the price at which things such as beauty and art and knowledge and happiness were, when they did come to one in this life, bought.

I chose, finally, thirteen stories. Although I discarded, early on, DeWitt's suggestion about a tripartite division, it turned out—by chance—that there were, roughly, a third by writers whose work I'd previously loved, a third by peers and a third by new writers. Publishing the stories of David Laux, Deborah Mutnick and Sue Miller turned out to provide my greatest satisfaction, for I didn't learn until I heard back from them that these were their first nationally published stories. Other stories were by Niccolò Tucci, Gina Berriault, Joanne Greenberg, Maxine Kumin, Mary Peterson, Corinne Bliss, Joann Kobin, Scott Johnson and Robert Nozick. (The issue is available, at $3.50, from *Ploughshares*, Box 529, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02139.)

But what, I wondered, did it mean to send these thirteen stories into the world in a magazine such as *Ploughshares*? Why was it that only a few decades ago a magazine such as *STORY*, publishing a dozen stories every month, could have more than 20,000 subscribers? Why was it that there was no literary magazine in existence that published good fiction, and lots of it, that reached a wide, general audience? Such questions had been raised before, of course, and the answers others often gave did not now seem nearly as important as the fact of these thirteen stories. They did not seem nearly as real to me as the actual pleasure these stories gave.

It was my own sense that people no longer went to fiction for news of how they lived because, to put it very simply, they no longer believed in the imagination as a trustworthy source of information and pleasure. To be alone with a novel or story that requires attention, reflection and a sensibility that has itself been previously tuned and refined by the reading of good fiction seems, more and more—to judge from conversations with friends, students and colleagues—an alien experience. My daughter's fourth-grade multiple-choice reading assignments are clearly designed to train her not in reading but in *reading comprehension.* My undergraduate and graduate students seem to demand, even in fiction, a kind of instant and superficial gratification that films and TV give more readily. And often they prefer the kind of fiction so prevalent in academic quarterlies about which they can discourse in analytic and nonliterary terms. It is easier, and perhaps more pleasurable, for them to decode a mildly obscure text than to talk about why a story is beautiful, subtle and moving.

And yet, though I might lament and analyze and try to change those things—economic, cultural, historic—that affected the fate of fiction in our time, what seems most important, in the end, was the good of the work itself. It was a wonderful thing—a grand thing, to use Flannery O'Connor's word—to be able to make a good story, to create something that, like a newborn child, had no existence before, and once created, had a life of its own, a life whose full effect (on writer, on reader) could never, blessedly, be either fully foreseen or fully charted. □

FLAMENCO

The guitarist must be able
without leaving the stage
to hang one of the strings
from the moon.

Any moon will do
but the guitarist who snares
a full-blooded one
has the obvious advantage.

This awakens in the wood
smooth and varnished
the sap of its tree
and this tree

feeling itself hollow
throws out into the night
a lament as lovely
as it is piercing.

His fingers must be pure,
forgetting what they know
so as to learn
a tune beyond themselves.

Only then, his *rasgueados*
will quicken blood,
his *trémolos* draw tears
from the eyes of virgins.

At the sound of his *arpegios*
seraphim and archangels
will descend on the stage
sweating profusely.

The music that is made
by the guitarist's heart
against the back of the instrument
is contrapuntal to the other

and here it is superfluous
to speak of technique.
He must, however, be ready
and show no trace of surprise

nor falter in intensity
when his chair lifts from the stage
and floats above,
away from the astonished crowd.

Ricardo Sternberg

Ricardo Sternberg, a winner of The Nation*'s Poetry Prize of 1973, has published poetry in many magazines, including the* Paris Review, *the* Virginia Quarterly Review *and* Ploughshares. *Born in Brazil, he teaches Portuguese literature at the University of Toronto.*

India's Joan of Arc

HARRIS WOFFORD

INDIRA GANDHI. *By Dom Moraes. Little, Brown & Company. 325 pp. $15.*

How was Indira Gandhi able in 1965—after Lal Bahadur Shastri's brief interim rule—to succeed her father, Jawaharlal Nehru, as Prime Minister of the world's largest democracy? Why, in 1975, did she decide to suspend political and legal rights, control the press and imprison some 100,000 citizens? How was she able to rule by fiat for more than two years in such a vast, pluralist, male-dominated society? Why did she release her prisoners in 1977 and hold a free election, which she lost? How did she come back to win the 1980 election

Harris Wofford is the author of Of Kennedys and Kings: Making Sense of the Sixties *(Farrar, Straus & Giroux) and co-author, with Clare Wofford, of* India Afire *(John Day).*

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and regain the Prime Ministership? Having proved once that a woman can be a dictator in a modern state, will she try to do it again?

These and other questions about this powerful and puzzling woman need to be pursued, but Dom Moraes's sentimental, superficial and distorted account does not take us very far. It gives interesting vignettes of the Nehru family and a poignant sense of Indira's difficult early life. But the only mystery Moraes purports to leave us with is why, suddenly, after years of receiving his flowers and his flattery (while he was writing this unembarrassed apology for her regime) she coolly broke off relations with him. Perhaps she got tired of his unmitigated obsequiousness. Many readers will get tired of it, too.

"I glissaded down from my star and looked at her," Moraes writes of an early meeting with Mrs. Gandhi. She moved across the room "with the beauty of a ballerina." Her face "was harassed, tired, still, as always." Tired and still as he says she always was, she appears more vigorous some pages later, after India explodes its nuclear device. "What is not to be denied," notes Moraes admiringly, "is that under this urging, arguing, untiring, fiery force contained within a silent woman, India had come a long step toward becoming a technocratic nation."

Most often—countlessly—Mrs. Gandhi is smiling at Moraes, with "that remarkable smile, which can charm birds of any known species out of the trees." But there were species in India that were not charmed, and they had grown so numerous and so vociferous by 1975 that Mrs. Gandhi moved to crush them with all the force at her command. Moraes gives her opposition short shrift, saying it "led nowhere but to chaos." The "brutality of the government reprisals" against the growing mass protests is noted, but Moraes finds it "difficult to see what the opposition expected the government to do." What the opposition wanted—and came to expect, as Mrs. Gandhi's party began losing provincial elections—was her resignation and a call for new elections.

For the Indian people to discover that they had the power to say no, and peacefully turn a government out of office, would have been (and later was to be) a historic lesson in self-government, giving new meaning and potentiality to the process of free elections. More than any other major developing nation, India had adhered to this electoral process—until Indira Gandhi declared her Emergency.

Nowhere does Moraes recognize this simple and central point that was being made eloquently and effectively by the movement to change the government. Instead, he patronizes, ridicules and misrepresents Jayaprakash Narayan, the widely respected leader of the opposition, as he does Mahatma Gandhi himself. "The aged sage [Narayan] behaved as though he were still fighting the British," writes Moraes. "What he does not appear to have understood is that he was now fighting an Indian government" and that to try to change the central government by Gandhian means was "a kind of idiocy," since the only "alternative to Mrs. Gandhi was anarchy."

The alternative, after the Emergency was lifted, turned out to be not much, if any, better than Mrs. Gandhi's government, but it wasn't anarchy. Indeed, the resilience of Indian democracy—or of ancient Hindu pluralism—should be encouraging to all those who do not yield to the totalitarian temptation (the "Chinese Syndrome"). Gandhi saw civil disobedience within and against a

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free Indian government as the real test and the best use of the powerful form of political persuasion he had introduced. Like Indira Gandhi and her father Jawaharlal Nehru, Moraes found such nonviolent action the grammar of anarchy. (Indira's husband was not related to the Mahatma and neither she nor her father ever claimed to be Gandhians by conviction.)

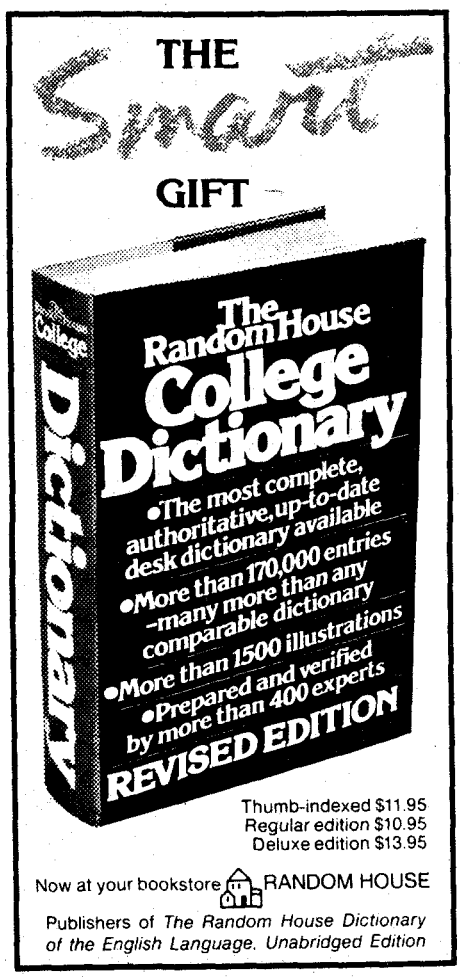
Moraes claims that during Mrs. Gandhi's two-year dictatorship, "government employees turned up on time, took fewer tea breaks, and attended more to their work." The whole Indian population, he says, "became very aware that it inhabited a governed country." More important than any terror felt by the people for the government, Moraes says, was "the readiness of the people to oblige and please those who ruled them." It was like a traditional Indian betrothal: "an arranged marriage of the rulers and the ruled . . . a relationship between a male and active power and a female and passive principle." To complete the confusion, Mrs. Gandhi is presented as "the only man in a Cabinet of old women."

Sexual metaphors and theories abound in the book, as a substitute for history. It was a "relaxation into sexuality"—"excessive bibulation," the attraction of "dancing boys," "lesbianism in the harems" and "unmelted muscles"—"that weakened the Mogul Empire and eventually led to its collapse." ("It did not mean that most Muslims were homosexual," Moraes adds, "merely that they were Muslims.") Even in geography, India is described as "a carrot, with a tuft at the top . . . more or less flat, except for a few knobby parts in the middle, beneath the enormous creamy mountains of Central Asia. The green tuft brushes those multiple breasts."

Moraes is obviously attracted to Mrs. Gandhi's hard-hitting muscles. He admits that in writing this biography the "affection I had always had for her" turned "into a close care, an anxiety that she should come through unhurt." But despite his best efforts, she does not come through this story unhurt. Her father's letter about her, when she was 15, has the ring of lifelong truth. Nehru wrote that "quite unconsciously, she has grown remarkably selfish. She lives in a world of dreams and vagaries and floats about on imaginary clouds, full probably of all manner of brave fancies." Indira herself told Moraes: "As a child, I used to dream that I was Joan of Arc."

To the last page, Moraes seems to view her as a Joan, or an Indian reincarnation of Queen Elizabeth I. He shares the vision of his literary agent who, upon first seeing Indira, with the sunlight behind her, swore that he "thought she was wearing a crown." Yet there is enough of the reporter in Moraes and in his book to give a little of the other view. There is sufficient evidence, scattered among the anecdotes, to support the judgment given to Moraes by one of Mrs. Gandhi's longtime aides: "She is a woman with a mediocre mind, and she does not know good from evil."

Moraes claims he likes Mrs. Gandhi because he is like her, and that harsh description by her disillusioned aide seems to apply to Moraes in the realm of political understanding. Yet in his very subservience to her, there is a clue to the Indian people's treatment of the Nehrus as a royal family. Thanks to Mahatma Gandhi, however, and to the nonviolent protest led by Jayaprakash Narayan and the now established tradition of free elections, the Indian people have effective ways of dealing with dynasties. □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THEATER.

JULIUS NOVICK

A Lesson From Aloes
The American Clock

The great subject of the New York theater this fall has been one of the great subjects of the theater since Aeschylus: the effect of public affairs on personal lives. This matter lurks behind *The Suicide* by Nikolai Erdman, *Division Street* by Steve Tesich and *Fifth of July* by Lanford Wilson, and it bursts into the foreground in two new plays, *A Lesson From Aloes* by Athol Fugard (at the Playhouse) and *The American Clock* by Arthur Miller (at the Biltmore). Fugard's play shows three lives blighted by the repressive zeal of the South African Government; Miller's play shows a number of lives, in Brooklyn and elsewhere, affected in various ways by the Great Depression.

The Suicide asserts, with glorious comic stubbornness, the primacy of the individual over the system; *A Lesson From Aloes* suggests that in the real world this primacy, however glorious in principle, is sometimes impossible to maintain in fact. Like *Division Street* and *Fifth of July*, *Aloes* presents us with a group of former progressive activists whose struggle has failed. Fugard's play is set in 1963, just when Tesich's and Wilson's American radicals were presumably getting into the fray.) *Division Street* (now closed), a silly farce unequal to the issues it insists on raising, ends with an unconvincing call for a nugatory "second movement," a "new coalition," as the actors stand in a row and sing "America the Beautiful." At the end of *Fifth of July*, the hero will labor usefully in his vocation as a teacher, while his lover will plant and cultivate a magnificent garden. In contrast to these buoyant American plays, *A Lesson From Aloes* offers barely a flicker of hope.

Piet Bezuidenhout, its hero, is an Afrikaner who has had the courage to make the movement for racial justice his life, but now the only activities left for this former activist are quoting nineteenth-century poetry and cultivating aloes—ugly, tough, thorny, bitter-tasting plants that have learned the secret of survival in South Africa (very different from the vast possibilities of Jed's garden in *Fifth of July*). Piet's

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wife, Gladys, who has never even been interested in her husband's politics, exists on the edge of madness—madness being, in this play, the form that unhappiness takes as it becomes more and more nearly unbearable. The security police, in a raid on their house, opened and read her private diaries; she experienced this as a violation, a rape, and has never entirely recovered. Piet's best friend, Steve Daniels, a colored man, has recently been released from prison; unable to endure living in South Africa, he is about to go into exile. In the course of the play, Steve comes for a farewell visit, and it is revealed that the police have managed to destroy even the friendship between the two men.

A Lesson From Aloes moves slowly; most of it is devoted to revelations about the past, not to action in the present. Fugard has not mastered the art of Sophocles and Ibsen: the art of forcing out revelations at such pressure that the process itself becomes action. His characters frequently tell each other things they both already know, or things that they have no strong reason to reveal just at this time. Steve does not arrive until the play is half over; even then it is only Gladys, with the unscrupulousness that comes at the end of one's tether, who occasionally sparks the drama out of its deliberate rhythms into moments of startling life.

At least it seems so in this production, directed by the author, in which Piet and Steve are well played by Harris Yulin and James Earl Jones, and Gladys is played superbly by Maria Tucci. The woman's agony is plain on the actress's face from the very beginning, even as she sits quietly, too quietly for comfort: back straight, knees clenched together, bony-wristed hands folded in her lap or crawling, fidgeting, clutching at her throat. Gladys is a well-brought-up gentlewoman of English stock, clinging desperately to the calm, porcelain politeness that genteel English girls are taught as the means of keeping anything and everything at bay. How well Tucci captures that determined gentility! And then before our eyes the porcelain cracks, and chips, and shatters; and fierce, bitter rage pours out. The play's potential for boredom remains (mercifully) unexplored as Tucci keeps us watching to see how this woman will manage to deal with the next moment, and the next, and the next, of her intolerable life.

And yet the play is more than a vehicle for an extraordinary actress. Jailings, beatings, murders we know about; the paraphernalia of official sadism ("We have ways of making you talk!") have become clichés and have lost their power to move us. In this play the prisons we see are metaphorical; the interrogations are unofficial: Fugard has something new to tell us about how oppression oppresses. For all its dramaturgical faults, his play has a sense of overwhelming authenticity, and there is something bracing in its stony despair: that someone has seen all this and has not flinched from recording it.

The characters in *A Lesson From Aloes* are up against real tyranny, such as our activists, in spite of their rhetoric, have never encountered. Piet and Steve are adults; they have earned their despair. Compared to them, so many of our "revolutionaries," our Abbies and Jerries and Eldridges, were exhibitionistic children with short attention spans. As the flaky heiress in *Fifth of July* says about her days as a radical: "Who knew what we were doing? We were on TV, we were in *Time* magazine, it was a blast." That was not the whole story, and *Fifth of July* has other things to say on the subject. But the two plays taken together (and also *Division Street*, though it trivializes nearly everything it touches) suggest that we are lucky, even in the time of Ronald Reagan, to live in a country where it is possible to play at revolution and survive.

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Arthur Miller's play is less somber and more mellow, less imposing and more charming than Fugard's—American optimism again. An affectionate, loosely structured chronicle, sentimental and comic, *The American Clock* does not scorn the obvious in its depiction of the Depression but it does succeed in reminding us that the obvious can have its own kind of authenticity.

Near the beginning, to evoke 1929, there is a *March-of-Time*-style roll call of famous names: Lindbergh, Babe Ruth, Gertrude Ederle. "Tell me, this is the speakeasy that F. Scott Fitzgerald comes to, isn't it?" "The American stock market ain't never gonna come down again," says a shoeshine boy. We are told that Hitler "won't last six months."

The play (acknowledged to be autobiographical) centers around Moe and Rose Baum and their son, Lee—a Jewish family that loses its money in the crash and has to move to Brooklyn. Rose pawns her jewels. A hobo, a former farmer from Iowa, collapses from hunger in the living room. "Nobody hocks this dear, darling piano," says Rose, and of course we know it will be the next thing to go, but it's touching anyhow to see the moving men take it away while Rose stands there helpless.

Miller is oddly incurious about the causes of the Depression, or its hidden implications, but he makes vivid the immediate realities of it, the constant anxiety and the recurrent humiliation, as Moe is forced to borrow a quarter from his son and Rose hides from the "mortgage man." Karl Eigsti's setting and Vivian Matalon's staging are uninspired, but John Randolph and Joan Copeland are very good as Moe and Rose, with plenty of sympathetic warmth beneath his Jewish coarseness and her Jewish refinement. William Atherton, who plays Lee, is too old and inalienably gentile for Miller's portrait of the artist as a nice Jewish boy, but he is an interesting and personable actor.

The American Clock is a very minor work, with more than its share of clichés. Yet, like *A Lesson From Aloes*, it left me knowing more than I did before about how certain things *feel*. And that has always been the way in which the theater makes the connection between public affairs and personal lives.

(Since this review was written, The Suicide *and* The American Clock *have both closed. Things are now, sadly, quieter along Broadway.)* □

FILMS.

ROBERT HATCH

Raging Bull
Resurrection

Toward the end of *Raging Bull*, Jake La Motta (Robert De Niro) smashes his head against a jail-cell wall and moans, "I'm not an animal!" It's a cry that goes back at least as far as Caliban, and it misses the point. We are all animals, and the interesting question is how well we comport ourselves as members of that order. Generally speaking, we are less capable than other fauna: by comparison with human beings, there are relatively few failures among the cats, pigs, squirrels or raccoons one encounters. Some millenniums ago, man attained free will, and soon began to devise ingenious ways of abusing the gift.

This brief excursion into comparative biology is evoked by the fact that *Raging Bull* explores the subject so effectively. The three people who dominate the film—Jake, his brother Joey (Joe Pesci) and his wife, Vickie (Cathy Moriarty)—are all handy enough with tooth and claw, but only Jake loses the aspect of humanity in the excesses of his rage. The wolverine is reported to behave so by its nature, but a man of that sort is called nuts. It is the verdict brought against Jake, and the others leave him to his fury—a rogue elephant proclaiming himself no animal.

Raging Bull recalls, how accurately I do not know, the personal life and professional career of the man who was barred from the ring for throwing a fight, came back to be middleweight champion and was beaten into retirement by Sugar Ray Robinson in the last of their several meetings. He then grew fat (De Niro is said to have gained fifty pounds) and became an aggressively vulgar nightclub entertainer. His brother, who had been La Motta's manager, broke with him; his wife left him, taking their children with her. If there was a happy ending to this saga, it is not recorded on the screen.

From this disastrous and brutal history, Martin Scorsese has made a brutal, discerning and bleakly beautiful picture. Like Godard's recent *Every Man for Himself*, the craft of film making is itself a participant in the work. The prizefight scenes, though derived, I feel sure, from newsreel footage and perhaps from actual La Motta bouts, are heightened beyond reality by horrifying closeups and the addition of flaring light and numbing sound to expose the gladiatorial essence of the sport. They are precisely accurate but stylized and framed to display what one's eyes might absorb if they were capable of total sight. These passages have a plastic beauty that prevails over the bloody spectacle they celebrate.

And Scorsese, who also made *Mean Streets*, is tender with, and implacably unsentimental about, the Italian-American society in which Jake La Motta was raised. It is warm, sustaining and authoritative; it is male-dominated and fiercely protective of its women; it breaks the law but adheres to the code. Scorsese sketches into the background of his film both the vivacity and the clubhouse dictatorship of this way of life. La Motta did not rebel against custom or break out of it; he remained within the tribe and flouted its taboos, at the urging of his increasingly domineering impulses. When one of his rages is rising within him, the action around Jake slows and stills, as though by force of will he were commanding time to loiter, the better for him to pounce on his prey. It is a daunting experience to look out on the world from La Motta's mind; you sense what it means to go berserk.

De Niro seems utterly to embody this ugly, inarticulately suffering man. No one concerned with the picture—not the director, nor the script writers (Paul Schrader and Mardik Martin), nor the actor—attempts to explain Jake La Motta, and that may be felt as a lack. On the other hand, they make as palpable as one's own flesh the blind, destructive, self-punishing force of the man, and that may make up in large part for what they cannot tell us because they do not know. (The screenplay is taken from La Motta's "as told to" book of the same title, so presumably he too did not know or could not say.)

The brother and the wife are played by new actors (it is Moriarty's first role) who precisely understand and eloquently convey what they are. They are tough, loving, faithful to their humanity and to the dictates of their clan. Above all, they are strong enough to survive the experience of Jake La Motta. These two, outrageously rude, often funny and ever quick on the trigger, leave an afterglow of hope on this account of human failure.

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The picture is in black and white (except for a brief, gaudy passage of home movies). Its texture is often as grainy as its subject matter, but always beautifully modulated in tones of gray. We lost a good deal when we accepted the soft blandishments of color film. Michael Chapman is director of photography.

Another reviewer has said of *Resurrection*, written by Lewis John Carlino and directed by Daniel Petrie, that it "has the simple, charmed manner of a fairy tale." Charmed it may be, but I'm not so sure it is simple; its proprietors seem to have made a shrewd estimate of how briskly the winds of evangelical fundamentalism are blowing. Edna, its heroine (there is a reference to Joan of Arc), is born again in a most literal sense. When first met, she is giving her husband a sports car for his birthday—a stupendous present for a working-class couple, but they both have jobs: they are passionately in love and the lending institutions will be understanding. Off they go for a trial run; a child darts into the road and the car plunges over the bank. Wild music bursts from the sound track and the screen erupts in cloud and fire, as though at the first day of creation. Presently, a long tunnel can be discerned, with vague, beckoning figures floating along it (we could be in some ectoplasmic airport). The camera is being drawn toward an alluring light, when suddenly it retreats and Edna awakens in a hospital bed. It had been a close call; in fact, for a few moments she had been clinically dead. The doctors must now tell her that she can never hope to walk again.

The film moves to a Midwestern farm, Edna's home before she went East. On the journey back there with her taciturn, granite-faced father, they had stopped at an isolated service station, run by an eccentric who lets Edna stroke his two-headed snake (I caught a suggestion of occult forces) and who has placed above his shack a sign proclaiming "God is love and vice versa." At a picnic of relatives and friends, gathered to welcome Edna home, a little girl suffers a nosebleed and great alarm is expressed because the child is a hemophiliac. Edna asks that the girl be brought to her, places her hands upon the child and the bleeding stops. It is remarked that Edna's hands have become strangely hot.

Thus the miracles start. Edna regains the use of her legs, exerting herself so powerfully in so doing that a poker standing by the stove bends spontaneously. (Later, during a scientific examination, she will bend a ray of light.) Next, she stanches the hemorrhage of a young man who has been almost disemboweled in a barroom brawl, and soon thereafter takes him as a lover (Edna is highly sexed and glad of it). Her fame spreads; she causes the deaf to hear, the crippled to walk, the spastic to regain their muscular poise—all to the confusion of the doctors and the gratification of the populace.

Steadfastly, Edna refuses to name the source of her power. She lives among Bible-thumping Christians and they are vociferous in their belief that she is an emissary of the Almighty (a few, to be sure, suspect that she is in Satan's camp), but she will say only that she cures by love. However, there was that sign about God and love and vice versa, so one may think that she could say more if she would.

The course of faith healing is not smooth. Edna's lover, a renegade from his father's fire-and-brimstone bigotry, is so awestruck by her feats that he returns to Holy Writ and becomes seized with a conviction that she is the promised Redeemer. When she scorns the notion and urges that they get on with some serious lovemaking, he becomes maddened and rushes off for his shotgun. If she will not proclaim her divinity, she had better be dead. And sometime about then, Edna's father, who had been spying on the couple, bursts in upon his daughter, denounces her for an incorrigible wanton and demands that she leave his premises forthwith. It is on that occasion, as I remember, that she recalls how he once forced her to have an abortion, depriving her of a little girl and dooming her to sterility (a misfortune she does not summon her powers to correct). At the end, she becomes a hermit, proprietor of that fateful garage, where one day a couple with a dying son drive up for gas. Edna takes the boy into her arms, her hands grow hot and he is cured of liver cancer.

All this, you might suppose, could be dismissed as flapdoodle for the credulous, but you would not be taking into account the skill that has gone into *Resurrection*. Ellen Burstyn is extraordinary in the role of Edna. She is gay and seductive, courageous, modest, witty, straightforward and completely self-possessed. In her healing scenes, she fairly glows with the conviction that love works miracles; at such moments she is radiant and utterly convincing. The cast supporting her—Sam Shepard as her lover, Robert Blossom as the father who rejects her (that is, until she eases him from his deathbed into that glorious tunnel of light), Eva Le Gallienne as her wise but deeply religious grandmother and many others who are as effective in smaller parts—all these conspire to create the illusion that a community of attractive, unremarkable Americans have been witnesses to the mercy of a supernatural power. The question of psychosomatic illness is raised, but dismissed with a smile; and indeed degeneration of the spinal cord and abdominal cancer are maladies not emotionally induced.

Resurrection is a picture designed to make you weep for joy, and it will have that effect on too many viewers. It is tender in appearance, but cruel in its appeal to irrationality. And it goes out of its way to curry favor with the right to lifers. I admire its skill, but deplore its cynicism. □

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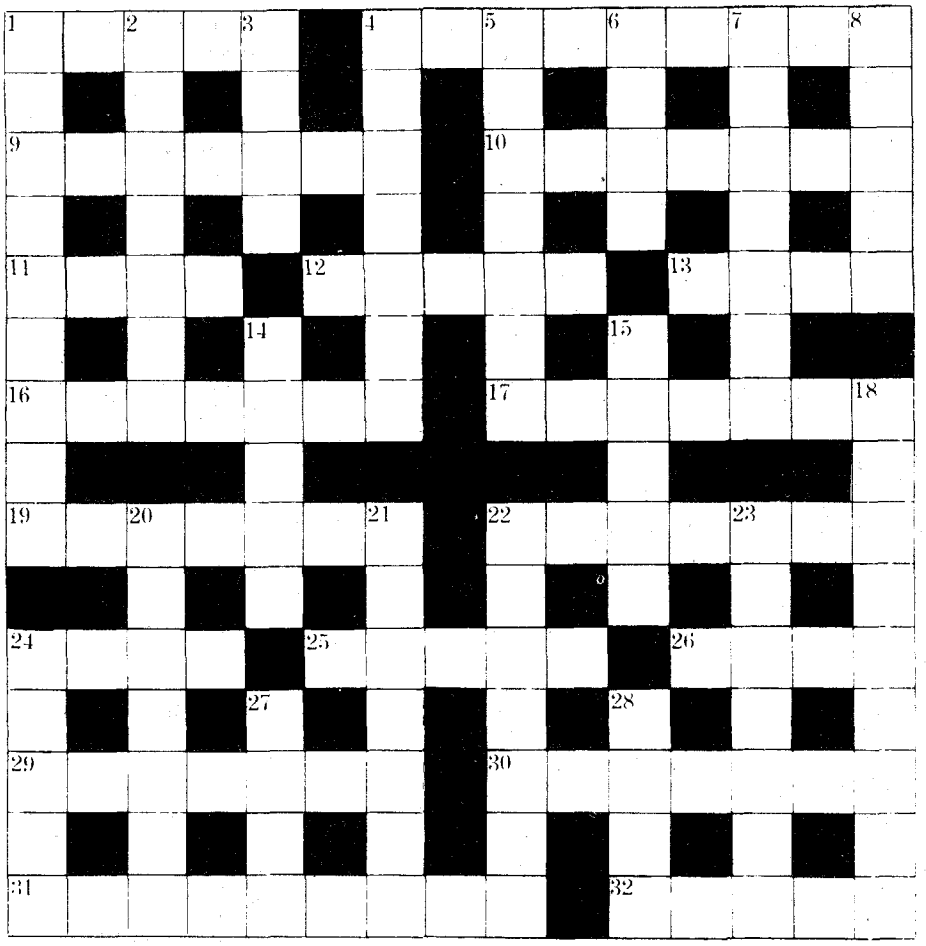

ACROSS

1 Could be a sort of loner put on record. (5)
4 A dollar, as they say, is something to turn. (9)
9 Nearing disorder, really fix something. (7)
10 The staff in flight? (3,4)
11, 12 and 13 Period of insanity—the immemorial concept. (4,3,2,4)
16 Someone you might tell "don't bother!" (7)
17 One's caste is military. (7)
19 Listener at that time like some crockery. (7)
22 The propriety of code breaking, which takes spirit. (7)
24, 25, 26 and 6 down An order to hang the masterpiece longer? It's encouraging! (4,2,3,4,4)
29 Supplements, likewise (as they used to say) to us, in a way. (4,3)
30 Short falls of those who make a display? (7)
31 This sort of speed, with the way of measuring it, is beyond hope. (9)
32 Cow the overbearing as such. (5)

DOWN

1 Turn out to be like the first lady with a rotten nut consumed. (9)
2 A regulated course is not quite enough for the army unit. (7)
3, 14 and 27 Heavy metal near the projecting forepart shows how one handles the bull. (4,2,3,4)
4 What William had to do to get title. (7)
5 Logical causes are mixed up with the boys. (7)
6 See 24 across
7 Even before the bird with the worm! (7)
8 Bellowed finally, or just made a noise like a cow? (5)
14 See 3 down
15 Just the suggestion of a kiss? (5)
18 I am above style with the pen showing brazenness. (9)
20 For those liking certain types of smoking jackets? (7)
21 Liquid inflammable distillates, especially the lighter and more volatile. (7)
22 In part, made his center gape. (7)
23 Fans—those that act like pigs! (7)
24 By the sound of it, have to have something work by folding. (5)
27 See 3 down
28 Where to find honey on top of the bird, perhaps. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1846

ACROSS: 1 Farewell address; 9 Matured; 10 Iceboat; 11 Unreal; 12 Bandanna; 14 Last chance; 15 Kepi; 17 Sump; 19 Scaled down; 22 Well-bred; 23 Mantra; 25 Radiant; 26 Ancient; 27 Second childhood. DOWN: 1 Famous last words; 2 Returns; 3 War dance; 4 Lady; 5 Animalcule; 6 Dreads; 7 Enounce; 8 Situation wanted; 13 Pancreatic; 16 Advanced; 18 Melodic; 20 On the go; 21 Obtain; 24 Taxi.

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